JOHN BULL, week ending April 10, 1943

# JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIII. 1921

3D EVERY THURSDAY

BIG THINGS AT SEA by A.G.G.

FREE INSURANCE FOR FIRE WATCHERS

£100 FOR A "BULLET" see page 15


*HAVE YOU TRIED*

**BOURNVILLE COCOA**

*WITH TINNED MILK?*

If not, there's a treat in store! A level teaspoonful of Bournville Cocoa, one of sugar and two of unsweetened tinned milk, carefully blended in a large cup with boiling water . . . That's the way to get the most of enjoyment and nourishment for your tinned milk points.

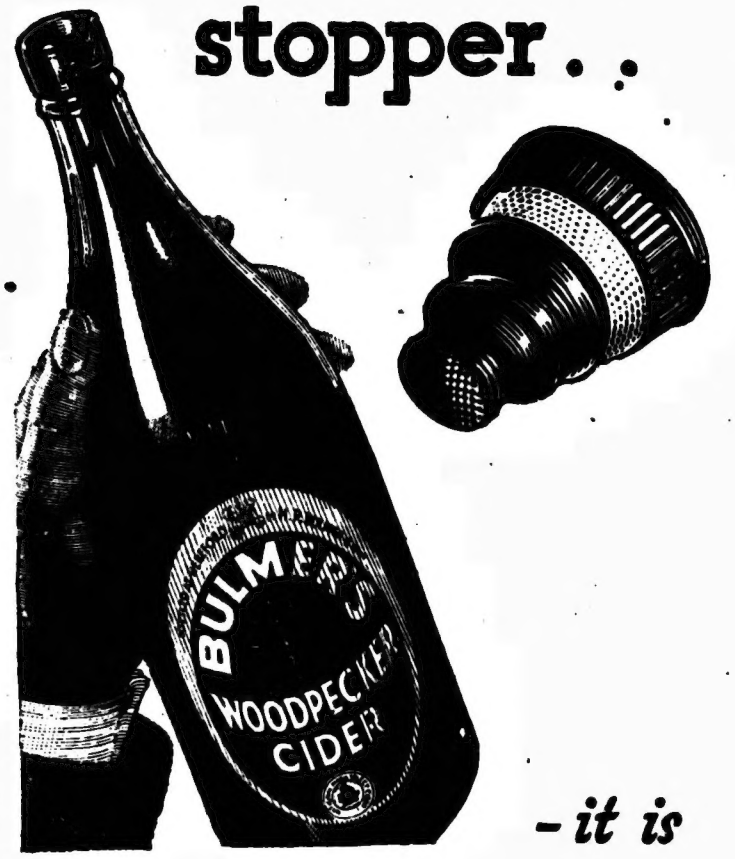
*Empty your Bournville wartime packet into a tin. It keeps its rich flavour better.*

★ LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE ★

**5D A QUARTER**



**Don't lose this stopper . .**




***- it is made of precious Rubber***

The screw stoppers of Bulmer's Cider bottles are made of precious rubber. Once lost, they cannot be replaced. So please be careful when you have enjoyed Bulmer's delicious Cider, and the bottle is empty to see that the stopper is screwed firmly back in place. One other way you can help is by a prompt return of your 'empties' to the Dealer.

**Bulmer's Cider**

H. P. BULMER & CO., LTD., HEREFORD.

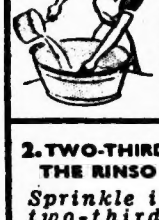
*royds 51*

# NEW WARTIME WASHING METHOD

***Takes one-third less soap, and half the water—saves half a bucket of coal (or 40 cubic feet of gas)***

TO help housewives to get the very best results with their washing under wartime conditions, the Rinso Wash-Testing Laboratories have worked out a method which uses less fuel and less soap—and gets the clothes really clean. This method cuts out the need for boiling.

Here is what you do: Start with *half* the usual amount of water—hot, but not boiling. Into this sprinkle *two-thirds* the usual amount of Rinso and whisk up. Be sure you have sufficient suds to cover the clothes when they're well pressed down.

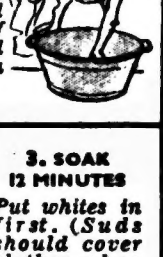


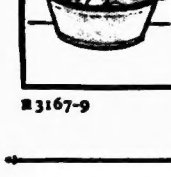
**1. HALF THE WATER**

*Use half your usual amount of water—slightly hotter than your hand can bear.*

**2. TWO-THIRDS THE RINSO**

*Sprinkle in two-thirds your usual amount of Rinso and whisk up to a good lather.*





**3. SOAK 12 MINUTES**

*Put whites in first. (Suds should cover clothes when well pressed down.)* Soak for 12 minutes.

**4. BRILLIANTLY CLEAN!**

*Then wash through, rinse well and they are beautifully clean! Treat coloureds same way, using same suds.*

***WHITES CLEAN WITHOUT BOILING***

Put in your whites first, and leave to soak for 12 minutes. After a wash-through and a couple of rinses they're ready to hang out.

Do the same with coloureds, *using same suds.* Try this method next washday!

Rinso is a No. 1 soap powder. 3½d. packet, 1 coupon. 7d. packet, 2 coupons.

R3167-9 *R. S. Hudson Limited*

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"Just as I feared, a dark-blue beard."
May tried her tears to smother.
"If you don't shave the EASY way
"I'll go straight home to mother."

*Use*

**EASY**

**SHAVING STICK—**

FOR A QUICK, SMOOTH SHAVE

**7½D.** (INCLUDES PURCHASE TAX)

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# FOOD FACTS

# EXTRA EGGS!

Are you making the most of your Dried Egg? A package of 12 eggs costs 1/9d.—that's only 1½d. each! Probably you have had your package per Ration Book from the Feb. 7th share-out, but if your shopkeeper has any stocks remaining he can sell you an *extra* package between now and Sunday, April 4th.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT EVERY MORNING AT 8.15

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 143

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**He's falling in love again with that**

**Schoolgirl Complexion!**

A lovely skin is the foundation of all beauty. And the rich, velvety, olive-oil lather of Palmolive beautifies the skin while it cleanses. That is why a bath with Palmolive Soap gives you a natural beauty treatment from head to toe — keeps you "schoolgirl complexion" all over.

3½d. *Including Tax*

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RUDGE-WHITWORTH LIMITED

*Make more use of your*

# RUDGE

*Britain's Best Bicycle*

RUDGE-WHITWORTH LTD.

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**MARMITE**

IS HEALTH-GIVING AND DELICIOUS IN ALL SOUPS, STEWS, GRAVIES, AND SAVOURY SANDWICHES

Marmite is a highly concentrated Extract of Yeast providing Vitamins of the B group.

# JOHN BULL

*Thursday, for week ending Saturday, April 10, 1943.*
*93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468*


*"Come the three corners of the world in arms,*
*And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue*
*If England to itself do rest but true."*

## Straight from the Shoulder

# STIFF FIGHT AHEAD

TUNIS and Bizerta will be tough shells to crack.

Rommel has had five months in which to convert these ports into forts. Moreover, he is still getting reinforcements—though many which set out to cross the Sicilian Straits never reach him.

### Heavy Toll

Lack of petrol must be his chief concern: so many of his tankers have failed to run the gauntlet of our submarines and aircraft!

Lack of tanks provides him with another gnawing anxiety. It seems doubtful if more than a few score now remain to give battle against our advancing troops.

### Up to the Eighth

But he still has a considerable army of tough, though tired fighters, lacking air support, yet shrewd in the use of artillery.

No doubt the task of bringing it to final defeat will continue to be borne largely by the victorious Eighth Army—as good an army as the best in all history—and the enormously powerful Western Desert Air Force.

### New Weapon

Of the high success of the air attack, this can be said: We are using more aircraft than ever before. Our aircraft are carrying a heavier gun than ever before.

A formidable combination of land and air power may yet provide opportunities for the greater use of sea power.

### Anxious for Action

**In short, we have the strength for the job. We are aiming at a quick decision.**

**Alexander and Montgomery are known to be impatient. It is a fair guess that new campaigns await them elsewhere.**

### Against Time

The enemy shares that guess. So, though Rommel may eventually attempt a "Dunkirk" against fantastic odds, he will fight like fury to safeguard Germany's most valuable defence against an invasion of Europe—Time.

The 100-Fortress raid on Sardinia has dulled the "Dunkirk" hopes—and it may happen again!

### Prelude to Invasion!

"British planes are landing French officers in France." "British 'planes are landing parachutists near Prague." "British 'planes have landed a thousand Norwegian officers in Norway; British experts have built a radio station and are preparing airfields there."

Such reports may well have a basis of truth. Certainly we are preparing on an incredible scale to carry the war into the enemy's mainland.

### Surprise Stroke!

**The situation offers plenty of scope for surprises. We should be able to hit the enemy when and where he least expects a blow.**

**In any event, the Mediterranean area must remain a vital target. The German defenders of Mussolini's quaking kingdom are working fast to improve fortifications. We must hope they will not be quite quick enough.**

### The First Step

Mr. Elmer Davis, the American Government spokesman, is banking on a long war.

He believes that Rommel's army will be exterminated or at least neutralised "in time to permit a United Nations' invasion of Europe before the bad weather sets in."

### Mr. Churchill's Rebuke

To the few people like Lord Simon who believe that the public should not discuss such matters, Mr. Churchill has made the best retort.

Lieut. Astor, M.P., asked him to discourage the use of "that misleading phrase," The Second Front.

"I do not want to discourage its use," was the answer, "because our good friends who are fighting so very hard know what they mean by it."

### The Russian Scene

Our good friends have not had to fight quite so hard in the last few weeks. Weather and exhaustion have both tended to slow down operations along the shorter though still vast Russian front.

Roughly—very roughly—the opposing armies there are back to where they were a year ago. In swaying back and forth, both sides have had mighty losses.

### Spring Outlook

Our allies have at least the satisfaction of having torn up Hitler's plans, skimmed off the cream of his army, and made it certain that he will not win this war.

*But with the coming of Spring they will have new ordeals to face. The enemy would run a frightful risk in launching another offensive, yet the need for oil may tempt him again into the Caucasus.*

### Waiting for Us

Though the Soviet forces are probably preparing a grand attack of their own, they will become increasingly impatient for Allied action in the enemy's rear—for a Second Front in Europe.

Our preparations for that depend, it is often said, on shipping.

### Economy of Effort

As Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood has stressed, we can economise in shipping and man-power and every other constituent of war if we plan a *combined Services' war.*

"No longer should we think in terms of the separate efforts of the Army, Navy and Air Force. All war-like operations must henceforth be considered as combined operations."

### Pride and Prejudice

Well, we're moving that way. But we haven't yet reached the goal, for there is still a good deal of stiff-necked pride to be eliminated from all the Fighting Ministries.

North Africa should provide a lesson in large-scale combined operations useful for even bigger operations in future.

Clearly, too, our bombing of Germany is becoming more and more a part of the general strategic plan of the war.

### Why we Bombed

**We have learned that we can't win the war by bombing alone. Now we are bombing not only to destroy German centres of war industry, but to weaken German resistance to military invasion.**

**In that process, of course, we have virtually destroyed some German arms centres. It is possible, for example, that we shall never need to bomb Essen or Rostock or Lubeck again.**

We may presume that it would suit our book if the enemy were tempted to reprisal raids on this country.

### Nazi Reserves

There is no shadow of doubt that he could still send several hundreds of bombers to attack London or our big provincial cities.

That he is not doing so, despite the assaults on Berlin, suggests that he is keeping them to bomb our troops when the invasion of Europe becomes possible.

### Talking it Over

Good progress is being made in international discussions; a plan for peace is being moulded, practical relief schemes are already being put into operation.

Until the broad outline of international economic co-operation is fixed, we can't fill in the details of national industrial schemes.

But rightly the Government has been encouraging industries to produce their own schemes—not for cut-throat competition when the war ends, but for new methods and new products that will provide full employment.

### Standing Still

However, a clearer lead from the Government is required; we need speech as plain as Mr. Sumner Welles' challenge to the U.S. Chamber of Commerce.

The acid test of America's intentions to co-operate will be its attitude to the renewal of the world trade agreements next June.

There is an acid test, too, of Britain's attitude towards reconstruction.

The Beveridge Plan was regarded by the people as a touchstone of the Government's intentions. Its mutilation of the Plan, its dithering attitude, shows a lack of confidence in the post-war world which amounts to defeatism.

### General Demand

**The British people will not be satisfied with such shuffling and evasion. The Cabinet will find that they require more than military triumphs, magnificent though these may be.**

**They will require a land fit for all, Servicemen and workers alike, who have helped to secure those triumphs.**

*(Continued overleaf)*

## TAKE THEM OVER

● **Vested interests are battling against Cripps. Naturally they are incensed by his "attack on private enterprise," indignant at his imposition of State control on the managements of some aircraft factories.**

**Most people, however, are wishing more power to his elbow. And some of us must regret that other Supply Ministers are more hesitant in taking firm action.**

**Thus, a workers' committee of investigation has made grave charges against the management of a firm long known to JOHN BULL.**

**It is said that material and man-power have been wasted on a big scale. Production has been impeded by costly and unnecessary alterations.**

**In one department, "two machines are idle on the day shift and ten on the night shift"; in another, "four machines are idle on the day shift and twenty on the night shift."**

**Such are a few of the allegations. And this factory is by no means the only one about which ugly rumours are current. They should be investigated, and, if true, the factories put under State control.**


## FIRE WATCHERS!

**"JOHN BULL" offers free to every civilian reader—including Fire Watchers, Home Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, etc.**

## A FREE AIR RAID POLICY

**Underwritten at LLOYD'S**

This Policy provides benefits for death and injury as defined caused by any action of Enemy, Allied or Home Defence Forces anywhere in the United Kingdom.

Readers who have not already registered can obtain the necessary Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Dept., 128, Long Acre, W.C.2.

# STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

DOCTORS are growing worried. Women are being directed into part-time work by the thousand. Middle-aged women with homes to run, men to feed, shopping to do. And their health is suffering.

## Nerves

Many of them in the forties, given tedious and repetitive work, are developing nervous troubles, fatigue and debility.

Obviously, their psychological as well as their physical capacity should be considered before deciding the work for which they are best suited.

## Lost Time

**In some factories, however, part-timers have nothing to do for days. Managers say they have no real need of them, yet have to employ them.**

**Why? Just to enable the Government to produce some more impressive statistics?**

## Men First

Anyhow, men are still available for the real jobs. An employer tells us that, advertising for a fire-watcher, he has applications from some fifty men, ranging in age from twenty-seven to sixty-five, all capable of ordinary work.

Well, doesn't the nation's war effort call for men as well as middle-aged, married women?

## Maids Wanted

The feelings of war-working mothers are not soothed by the columns of advertisements for maids in provincial papers.

A Hove agency offers £130 a year to a cook—"One lady, staff of five." A house-parlourmaid is wanted by two adults who already have a staff of four. And so on.

The Ministry of Labour should see that these vacancies are not filled.

## More Orders

War-working women are to be given some concessions in a new Fire Guard Order. Then, no doubt, the new Order will be amended by yet another Order.

We confess we have lost count of the various Fire Guard Orders issued by Miss Wilkinson. We know that their effect has been to make confusion worse confounded.

## Wardens v. N.F.S.

But one thread of the tangle can be unravelled. We can tell London's fire guards that, despite newspaper reports, they are to remain responsible to the wardens' service. Elsewhere, the N.F.S. is taking over.

## Whoops of Victory

Some head wardens in London, delighted at this sop to their pride, are crowing like cockerels.

When they have recovered from their glee, perhaps they will see that their fire guards are provided with steel helmets and know how to use a stirrup pump.

## Flabby

The B.B.C. Brains Trust continues to be as flabby as any species of jellyfish which Professor Julian Huxley could describe so pithily.

The fault is not, of course, that of Huxley, Joad, Sargent and their colleagues. They just aren't allowed to deal with politics, sociology, religion and other topics so eagerly discussed at private imitations of Brains Trust sessions.

## Gilding the Pill

The limit of insult to the public has surely been reached by the inclusion of a dull "radio encyclopædia" feature in which some actress is usually engaged to read the question sent in.

The insult lies in the implication that the public will not accept a pill of information unless it is sugared. And the original insult remains—the implication that the public must be "educated" in modern music, the origin of the Union Jack and such matters, but carefully shielded from controversial subjects.

## Hi-de-Hi!

Hitherto, we have not referred to Col. W. B. V. H. P. Gates, the Hi-de-Hi officer who devised ways to make his men's life a misery.

We thought he would be shamed enough by the public's derisive adoption of his ridiculous catch-phrase. Evidently we were wrong.

## On the Staff

He is apparently disdainful of public criticism. He is "not interested in yapping dogs."

He will thereby increase public interest in his mysterious promotion to the Staff after his removal from the command of a training camp.

We can imagine what would have happened to a private who deliberately broke King's Regulations.

**● There's grim news for taxpayers.**

**Parliament's "watch-dog committee" has recommended important economies in many spending Departments.**

**But the axe will not be wielded by the Treasury.**

**No, each Department will merely be invited to put its own financial house in order.**

**And that means, as we know from experience, that the axe will not descend on the reckless spenders' necks. It will not even be lifted. It will be left reposing on a nice velvet cushion.**

## And he Likes It!

But to some misfits, at least, the Army offers a new interest in life. A high medical officer tells of a man who gave endless trouble until put on the job of peeling potatoes.

He did 4½ cwt. a day. And he spent his leave peeling a ton for a friend—just for fun.

## Partners

**We like the report, too, of an R.A.O.C. officer just back from U.S.A.**

**He tells us: "We ordnance people went there to get stuff for the Eighth Army. The American manufacturers invited us to go right inside and tell them what we wanted.**

**"One said: 'Consider yourself a partner in this business. Demand—don't ask.'"**

## Not so Easy

Our ordnance officers—men who had fought in the desert—knew the actual rate of wastage in Africa, knew how quickly vast supplies of spare parts are used up in modern battle.

These men went straight into directors' rooms and told them the truth. But here at home it isn't so easy as that. You must still go the roundabout way of Circumlocution.

## Through the Nose

Here at home, moreover, American officers are fleeced. One senior man, with an expenses allowance of 30s. a day, has to pay 31s. a day just for an hotel room and breakfast.

Private apartments aren't any cheaper. A furnished room in the West End costs up to seven guineas a week; a furnished flat up to twenty guineas.

## Impossible!

No doubt the Ministry of Health will say that it's impossible to have State control of furnished, as well as unfurnished, rents, and thus prevent the shameful exploitation of Allied fighters—and our own. Yet the American Government has managed to do it.

## No Children Wanted

Doctors and welfare societies are asking the Ministry to prohibit the "no children" ban in flats and houses.

The Minister will, no doubt, express his sympathy with the distracted victims of the ban. But sympathy is a cold substitute for action.

## Five to a Room

Overcrowding gets worse. "The wife and I have had our name down for a council house for more than three years—but five of us are still sleeping in one room," writes a Newcastle man.

"I have two rooms; my wife, myself and our four children sleep in one of them," reports an Ogmore Vale man.

## Torn Down

**What's the remedy?** Wait for peace time building? We're not so sure.

**In one city, £700** was spent on "protecting" a bombed building from further damage by weather. The day after the job was finished, another gang arrived to demolish the lot.

That is not an isolated example. And we fancy those building workers could be better employed.

## Life Lost

How many Servicemen's wives can afford to have babies at seven guineas a time?

We ask because of the experience of an R.A.F. man's wife. She gave birth to a premature but live baby. The doctor was telephoned but couldn't attend.

So, after an hour's delay, an ambulance was fetched. There was more delay until the hospital opened. The baby died, the mother nearly died; the hospital charged seven guineas plus 5s. for the ambulance journey.

## State Service

That's a human argument—one of many—in favour of a State medical service, though we see no reason against allowing patients to continue to choose their own doctor.

That service should be in the blueprint stage *before* the war ends—or millions of Britons will, like Trelawny, want to know the reason why.

## Cut-Price Scots

At last we are making progress towards a national policy for nurses. But it puzzles us that the proposed rates of pay for Scotland are lower than those for England.

Aren't Scots nurses as good as any other? If not, why are so many employed by crack London hospitals?

## Penniless

There's another flaw in the scheme.

Sanatorium nurses may have given years of service, but if they contract tuberculosis they are lucky to get half-pay for three months—and after that they are likely to find themselves lying penniless in the very institutions where they nursed others back to health.

## Not Enough

No wonder there is a shortage of nurses for those institutions! We are told of one where thirty-six male patients—thirty of whom are bedridden—are tended only by one sister, one nurse, and a part-time helper.

We are asked to imagine the conditions which result from this staff shortage. Yes, we think we can guess.

## Holiday for Them!

Quite a few police officers should have an easier time during the next few months. Stanley Foster, promoter of bogus war charities and the recipient of several disbonourable mentions in JOHN BULL, has been sentenced at Liverpool to three months in jail.

Not, unfortunately, to three years.

# Behind the News

- **German-Italian discussions are getting heated as the problem of Sicily's defence becomes more acute. Gestapo measures against the emotional and non-Fascist population of Southern Italy are not approved by Mussolini.**
- *Rommel's treatment of Italian troops is principal Rome objection against appointing him C.-in-C. in Southern Europe.*
- **German schools are to be closed so that the buildings can accommodate the homeless after R.A.F. raids.**
- **R.A.F. double raids are foiling German A.A. technique of moving defences from widely separated areas to meet anticipated air attacks.**
- *General Ruedel, the A.A. chief, has asked for more guns to be brought from the front.*
- **American ship building will be three times as big this year as last; will give U.S. for the first time a bigger merchant fleet than ours.**
- **Finland, watchful of the future, refuses Nazi demands to take the offensive and will not fire a shot beyond her frontiers.**
- *Russia is sending suitable types of captured German munitions to Chiang-Kai-shek.*
- **Hermann Göering ironworks in Austria have suffered more sabotage in last six months than any Nazi industries in occupied Europe.**
- **Goebbels' hint that prisoners of war may be held as hostages against lives of Nazis if Germany loses, has been answered with Allied warning that firm measures will be taken if this is attempted.**
- *Speculation about Doenitz's order to stop work on naval surface vessels is unnecessary. No secret that he feels they cannot be completed in time to help Germany.*



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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR. By THE EDITOR

# HAVE WE NO SHAME?

UNTIL the war brought the children of the slums to the country dwellers' homes, comparatively few people gave any thought to the appalling conditions which obtain in the meaner streets of Britain.

JOHN BULL has always sought to focus public attention upon this national scandal and disgrace.

**Now we urge the Government to look with us through the evacuation window into the dreadful homes in which we still allow one-tenth of our population to exist.**

Last week on this page we said: "Let the People Talk!" And we declared there are some reforms which must not be allowed to wait for victory.

The regeneration of "the Submerged Tenth" is one of them.

Poverty and bad housing exist in the country as well as the towns, but to nothing like the same extent.

And people in reception areas were horrified when some of the mothers and little children from the slums took refuge with them.

As the result of the public outcry which then arose, a small group of working professional women set out to make a national survey of town life among the poorest elements of the population.

It has now published "a close-up" of "Our Towns."*

*We recommend this book, as its authors do, to readers with "stout stomachs," but we must make it clear that the facts it records refer to only a small percentage of evacuees.*

On the other hand, they are of nation-wide significance and are true of "the Submerged Tenth" throughout the country.

It is a fact beyond dispute that many refugee children and their mothers were dirty, verminous, ill-clad and suffering from skin diseases caused by the filthy conditions in which they lived.

Above all, they were ignorant. They had no notion of elementary hygiene. The children, even up to the age of fifteen, thought nothing of soiling their bedding and their clothes.

It seemed incredible, but it was true.

**To those who understood, it was not even surprising. For these poor little youngsters came from slums and tenements so grossly over-crowded as to make cleanliness almost impossible.**

REMEMBER this: "Hundreds of thousands of families in all parts of the country have not a private closet, and there are areas where it is the exception for a family to have one."

What *can* be reasonably expected of people who are forced to live under such abominable conditions? Dirt and the diseases which go with it are the inevitable product of them.

It is quite useless to preach morality, independence and cleanliness to families obliged to live like pigs in sub-human surroundings.

*And it does not "make sense" to try to improve the children in the schools when you know that, directly they go back to their homes, they will be exposed to the same fatal influences.*

This aspect of the problem is stressed by the investigating group. It insists that the better education both of children *and* adults is essential to the improvement of social conditions.

Nothing could be more foolish than to imagine that the mere transference of the slum-dweller to a decent home will automatically and immediately cure him or her of a degraded outlook on life.

Isolated experiments in better housing for the poorest town-dwellers have proved this. The "slummies" have been transplanted, but they have *not* taken root in the new and cleaner soil.

As for the children—and there is no hope of national progress except through the rising generation—it is now recognised by all progressive thinkers that their most formative years are in their early infancy.

"More and more," the investigating group declares, "is it borne in upon us that the educational services get hold of the child too late. . . .

"An onslaught must be made on poverty by means of family allowances and minimum wages, and the children with unsatisfactory homes must be helped *by letting them live day by day in a different environment.*

"They must have nursery schools from the age of two years.

"We cannot afford *not* to have the nursery school: it is the only agency capable of cutting the slum mind off at the root and building the whole child while yet there is time."

Let it be understood that the intelligent women who have been investigating these shocking conditions in Britain's industrial centres have not been content to expose the evils which exist: they have also suggested ways by which to counter them.

**No fewer than forty-eight separate recommendations are put forward in their report. And none of them would cost the country more than a day's—or even a few hours'—of present war time expenditure!**

And there is an answer to those who think that poverty is often the outcome of improvidence.

The causes of poverty are listed under nine main headings: exorbitant funeral insurances (*by industrial companies, with which the Government has refused to interfere!*); iniquitous hire-purchase agreements; clothing club exploitation; extravagant spending on drink and tobacco; tribute to money-lenders; betting; pawning, patent medicines and wasteful indulgence to kiddies in the form of useless pocket money for "comics" and "candies."

What comfortable citizen *dare* blame the slum-dweller for yielding to these incessant and custom-sanctified temptations?

*How can any of us accuse the very poor of living "on tick" when we know that the old economic order condemns them to live from hand to mouth?*

We are ready to believe that the Government has a huge post-war housing programme in view and is, up to a point, preparing to find the labour and the materials for its fulfilment.

But this "post-armistice" planning is dreadfully and shamefully inadequate to the nation's immediate requirements.

Education—not mere book-learning, but elementary guidance in the simple art of living decently—is terribly in arrears.

EVERY educational youth movement, every honest effort to train parents in their duty to their offspring, must be encouraged, and deserves to be generously financed.

We mention here, as an illustration, the gallant "Sherbourne Experiment," in Birmingham.

Here the worst products of the slums were given the chance to learn the practical advantages of social fellowship.

And, on the whole, the experiment has "worked." Wild and uneducated youth has tamed itself *in its own interest.*

In his recent and historic broadcast, Mr. Churchill stressed this country's urgent need to rear more children.

**But it is useless to call for bigger families until the nation accepts its responsibility for the children of this generation.**

* *"Our Towns" (Oxford University Press), 5s.*

## Rubber Shortage: The Grim Truth

THE tyre situation is critical.

That fact has been front-page news in America for months.

Perhaps because we more than any people in the world have grown up to regard rubber as a thing of instantaneous availability, like air or water, it isn't sufficiently understood here.

★ ★ ★

But let us face cold, hard facts.

Rubber is the biggest headache of the United Nations, Japan having seized 90 per cent. of the world's sources.

It is the scarcest of all our available raw materials.

We realise the importance of steel, but forget that every implement of war contains rubber as well, and must travel most of the way to its final destination on rubber.

It isn't always impossible to replace steel.

But it isn't as easy to replace rubber.

"Then what about the synthetic stuff?" you may ask.

Again we must face hard facts.

There will be no synthetic rubber from America for a long time yet, except in experimental quantities.

When it does begin to arrive we shall need crude rubber to mix with it.

And our all-too-insufficient supplies of crude rubber are steadily going down.

And what about reclaim rubber?

With that, too, it is essential that we use a percentage of the diminishing raw material.

The first job of the authorities has been to restrict use.

They have tried to make sure that not a single tyre is made except for the specific purpose of helping the war effort.

But that doesn't do everything. They can't be beside the driver of every vehicle on the roads.

Some 70 per cent. of the rubber used in this country to-day goes into civilian tyres.

★ ★ ★

The driver who is truly aware of the importance of rubber, really determined to help in this war, takes many precautions.

He will avoid fierce braking or acceleration. He will drive at moderate speed. He will avoid bad roads, bad patches, as far as possible.

He will see his tyres are blown up to just the right pressure. He will see that flints are not jammed between his double wheels—that they are taken from his covers before they get well embedded.

Even if care of the tyres is not his responsibility, he will do these all-important things.

He will avoid the kerb as if it were a plague. He will see his wheels are properly aligned. He will insist that tyres are retreaded before they have gone too far.

The complete and utter importance of all this is brought home to him at the Tyre Economy Exhibition which invites the attention of all drivers at Berkeley Court, Baker Street, London, N.W.1.

★ ★ ★

Every driver should go with a conducted party. Both they and the employers and others who can help give them the facilities should realise the importance of such a visit.

A letter to Mr. R. H. Lubbock, Room 414, Berkeley Court, address as above, giving such details as best date and size of party, and the necessary arrangements will be made.

But don't let us throw all the grave responsibility on the shoulders of these men who are in charge of so much of the nation's vital supplies.

Every article of rubber in *your* home not an absolute necessity to you should go into the nation's store-house *via* salvage.

You shouldn't use rubber—even as small a piece as a rubber band—without asking your conscience

There are little yellow men who think they have us beaten solely on this question of rubber shortage, and it is up to us to show them they are wrong.

# Prayers and Battles

GREAT leaders and great fighters have always in them a touch of humility. And usually, too, they have a profound sense of divine guidance.

Every Briton knows Nelson's signal before Trafalgar—"England expects . . ."—the greatest signal ever hoisted in naval history.

But how many people in this country know that just before the battle began Nelson, kneeling on the deck of *Victory*, prayed:

*"May the great God whom I worship grant to my country a glorious victory, and may no misconduct tarnish it, and may humanity after victory be predominant.*

*"I commit my life to Him Who made me, and may His blessings alight on my endeavours for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend."*

Many famous generals have been sincere in their prayer. Lee, Washington, Jackson—the men who made American history—all sought Divine guidance and inspiration.

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pallas

It seems, on the surface, somewhat incongruous for men directing death-dealing armies to pray.

I have tried to envision the awful God of Battles—the wrath of His might and the stern, implacable majesty.

★ ★ ★

Do soldiers or leaders pray to such a God or do they approach the God of tenderness and love?

What is the soldier's conception of Divinity when he faces the thunder and whine of shells and bombs?

Some soldiers utter unspoken prayers. Few of them relish that compulsory form of religion laid down in King's Rules and Regulations.

And of all the "scrounging" that goes on in the average battalion none is so widespread as trying to "scrounge off" those C. of E. parades on Sunday mornings.

Perhaps it may be argued that a little religion imposed willy-nilly on soldiers makes them better soldiers. I should doubt it.

The men I knew as superficially religious men in the sense that they sang with unction and prayed loudly were rarely popular with their fellows, for your average soldier suspects those who make a parade of their religion.

Yet I believe that the soldier, be he private or general, is a better soldier if in his prayer there is the knowledge of his failings and the true humility of conscience.

★ ★ ★

Time and again the democracies have had proof that leaders spring up in the hour of need, as though, indeed, they have been singled out by more than a series of circumstances.

How do leaders arise and what makes them leaders are two questions not easily answered.

Yet one thing seems certain—a great leader is fundamentally a man of Faith, a man who believes in a righteous struggle and who believes in the virtues of those who follow him.

Such men must believe in prayer. And we should pray for such men.

## Rt. Hon. RICHARD LAW, M.P., Parliamentary Under-Secretary, Foreign Office

DEAR SIR,—Blimps and Diehards may grow purple-faced at your address to young Conservatives, but intelligent men and women should feel grateful for a sincere attempt to make the Tory creed a constructive rather than a negative policy.

As you put it, "Unless they could formulate a positive creed of Toryism in the light of modern conditions, they would not be able to serve their fellow-countrymen as they would wish to do."

No longer should your Party, anxious to preserve what is good in our national system, oppose proposals for reform just because they are new.

To quote you again: "The supreme task of the Tory Party is not to fight Socialism, but to ensure that when the war was over Britain wanted Britons and valued them as she wants and values them to-day."

With that aim, no one can quarrel. Unfortunately, as you and other younger Conservatives have deplored, the older members of the Party are still blinded by prejudice against anything that remotely suggests "Socialism."

Hence the bitter opposition to so mild and overdue a measure as the Catering Bill.

Hence the squeals of alarm because one or two war factories have had to be taken over by the State.

Hence, in this latter respect, the public suspicion that the Old Gang would put private interests before war efficiency.

That suspicion will be hard to combat unless you and other enlightened Conservatives prove, to the public satisfaction, that You and not They are really representative of the Party.

People of all political faiths—and of none—will hope that such men as yourself, your chief (Mr. Eden), and Lord Hinchingbroke, will break the crust of the Carlton Club.—JOHN BULL.

# OPEN LETTERS

## Rt. Hon. G. LLOYD GEORGE, M.P., Minister of Fuel and Power

DEAR SIR,—Must sick people die because of the need to save petrol?

I'm pretty sure your answer will be the same as mine, for I know that you are no defender of official absurdities even when they are perpetrated by your own Department.

So I rely on you to save the Bromsgrove, Droitwich and Redditch Hospital from having to close down because the ration of petrol for its ambulances has been so reduced that it cannot function any longer.

Already, it is said, a child has died because of the lack of ambulance facilities. Other patients, waiting for hospital treatment, cannot be fetched.

Yet I'm aware that petrol can be spared for hired cars in which rich business men still travel to their offices.

Cut down private motoring still further. But see that hospital ambulances are not forced on to the scrap-heap!—JOHN BULL.

## Alderman V. R. HUDSON, Former Mayor of Hove

SIR,—So truly do you represent the mentality common in such wealthy backwaters as Hove that your words deserve to be widely known:

"We are now doing everything possible for the working-class people except washing their babies and putting them to bed. They should do something for themselves. It is time, too, they were told as much."

Yes, we are doing everything possible for the ordinary folk of this country—except to give them decent houses, economic security, a high standard of health, and to save them from the Means Test indignity when they are old and have worn themselves out in the country's service.

Those are just the things they will demand when this war is done. They will not be content with "dole" queues and slumdom.

Our leaders already recognise this. You, and people who think like you, will be forced to do likewise.—JOHN BULL.

## Mr. A. H. DOMLEO, Derby Police Court

YOUR WORSHIP,—Do not stand on your dignity while the nation's existence is at stake.

A man was summoned for persistent lateness at work. He came to your Court straight from his job, and, being a floor-moulder, had not put on his Sunday best.

Nor was it surprising that his hands and face were dirty.

But you were pained. "It does not add to the dignity of the Court that defendants should arrive in this condition," you opined.

It did not occur to you, evidently, that had he taken time off to change his suit and part his hair he would have been aggravating the very offence for which you fined him £5.

Not even for a few minutes should war production be delayed—not even for dignity's sake.

But too many magistrates appear indignant because working men do not arrive at Court arrayed like office workers.

Too many local bigwigs insist on retaining the out-moded flummery of peace time—even when their countrymen are being slain on the field of battle or toiling as never before.

They are themselves guilty of thoughtlessness in a war that is no respecter of local pomp and dignity.

And this note to you will, I trust, be heeded by them all.—JOHN BULL.

## Sir ROBERT COWER, M.P., Property Owners' Protection Assoc.

DEAR PRESIDENT,—I fancy you have gripped the wrong end of the stick.

There is no plot against the large number of people who have invested their life savings in buying their own little houses.

I do not believe there is "a very considerable number of M.P.s" who are pledged to end private ownership of property as soon as possible.

There are many M.P.s who would like to end the private ownership of land.

Most intelligent citizens want to check the grotesque profiteering on property. Few of us wish to perpetuate wasteful ribbon development, the growth of bungalow monstrosities, and ill-planned death-trap roadways.

Your members are too intelligent, I hope, to be persuaded that a more sensible use of the land we all should share would be a threat to thrifty house-owners.—JOHN BULL.

## Miss FLORENCE HORSBRUCH, M.P., Parl. Secretary, Ministry of Health

DEAR MADAM,—So often have we been told by your Ministry of the shortage of midwives that we need no reminder. But it seems necessary to remind you that there are women highly experienced in maternity nursing who are no longer allowed to practise.

Unable to leave their homes to take refresher courses at hospitals, they were paid compensation on condition that they never attended a maternity case again.

I know one who had had fourteen years' experience. She could not attend a hospital course because of her husband's serious illness—and therefore had to sacrifice her certificate.

Yet she had dealt with more than 400 cases and never lost a mother.

Why not give such women a chance to continue the fine work?—JOHN BULL.

## Admiral of the Fleet Sir R. TYRWHITT, President, ex-Services Welfare Society

DEAR ADMIRAL,—A reader's son developed a psychosis owing to war service and was discharged without pension. I submitted the case to you, knowing how sympathetically your Society has fought for Servicemen suffering from the severer forms of neurasthenia and mental breakdown.

As a result, I now hear, the case has been officially reconsidered and the man granted a pension.

On his behalf—and for the very many men you have similarly helped to obtain justice—allow me to say "Thank you."—JOHN BULL.

THE R.A.F. MANNER.—No. I. By WEBSTER FAWCETT

# Hurriboys Thrill the Eighth Army!

★ Tank-busting, U-boat bashing, guerilla flying—these are 1943's newest sky exploits, missions typifying the new R.A.F. manner. Packed into this series, as the R.A.F. crests the wave of new adventure on its twenty-fifth birthday, are the latest thrills, the stop-Press facts, and the personalities behind current operations

TANK-BUSTING, gun-smashing, the 'planes poured over Mareth, superb in a new technique of tin-opening the Axis armour.

"Send 'em to salvage, son!" yelled a Geordie, as the Hurriguns mopped up Matmata.

The boys of the Eighth Army had got to know, of course, that Hurricanes were being fitted with armour-smashing heavy-calibre guns. But the "flying tin-openers" were still on the secret list only a few days before Montgomery launched his great onslaught.

Then came the eye-opener.

Thirty-two Axis tanks smashed as they wheeled to El Hamma. Six Italian monsters torn apart in a single streak of glorious shooting on the Gabes highway. Twenty Mark III's and IV's shot up—regardless of Breda puffs—at El Guettar.

Now I can reveal how Wing-Commander Roger Porteous, D.S.O., was brilliantly vindicated for the pioneer stuff he'd done with Air Marshal Tedder's secret weapon.

He made the first nine sorties—this thirty-year-old secret ace from India—and the net bag was five tanks, seven lorries and files of other transports.

*Here is Wing Commander Porteous getting ready to fly in a race before the war*

## Troop Carriers Smashed

On his way home the last time Porteous came across a couple of troop carriers—and couldn't resist giving them an experimental dose of the big surprise.

They were shattered to fragments.

Porteous followed through with the tough job of training other Hurriboys in his tactics.

Before concluding his closed season, he had destroyed or damaged dozens of tanks. And the Porteous school is still turning out tank-smashing aces.

Sergt. Johnny Strain, for instance.

A twenty-two-year-old youngster from a Northern architect's office, he sliced up a line of armoured vehicles and made a second run over the target for snapshots.

"These tactics are new," he'd been told in the ripped canvas tent that served for a briefing room. "We want you to observe results closely—take photos when possible!"

Getting the snap meant a swerve into ack-ack bursts thick as flies round a camel. And with an ear-splitting crack a shell blew the front hatch off.

Strain found himself hanging from the fuselage, the flak still zipping past him. He'd nearly gone with the hatch. His second pilot pulled him to safety. Shrapnel had severed an artery.

But while his pal improvised a tourniquet—and incidentally saved his life—Johnny still worried about that photo. He couldn't realise, in the swimming daze of shell-shock, that the camera had been blown to glory.

## Ready for Everything

That's how it is with the tank-busters. *You can't always dodge the flak*, so the hard-hitting tank-busters take it gamely.

Lieutenant Doug Rogan blazed into a concentration of enemy tanks and shrapnel splinters tore into his right hand.

Nerves and fibres leaping in agony, he fought on, *because he could still fire with his left.*

Another shell-burst that made the plane buck and shudder. And another that seemed to tear the bottom out of the plane.

Pain went haywire. The saltmarsh was suddenly where the sky should be.

Rogan righted his plane, looked down into blood and confusion and knew from the sight of his boot, if not from the agony, that his right foot had been virtually shot off.

"If I wedge it . . ." he thought. "If I ignore the pain . . ."

He gritted his teeth. Neither he nor the plane should topple down to the Nazis.

"You just hang on . . ." he says. "You keep flying . . ."

## He Got Home

He brought his plane home, torment tearing him apart, and made such a good landing that the machine was ready for service the following day

Johnny Strain, after that affair of the artery, was flying a week or so later. With an artificial foot, Doug. Rogan is again "on operational duties."

Hence the old yardstick for aces, the gauge of enemy aircraft destroyed, no longer works over the flowery Tunisian battlefields.

Talk in the desert dromes turns sooner or later to Al Simpson, intrepid Canadian who was with the original No. 6's in '39.

He has claimed comparatively few victims—in the sky. But in patrols over the mountains and marshes he has shattered tanks, gun emplacements, barracks, oil tanks, docks, trains, all the gamut—and he probably has Africa's highest flight mileage.

And that means . . .? It's based on Dave Borthwick who brollied at 1,500 ft., with cannon shell wounds in his legs, wrapped chute strips round his wounds and crawled for five days to get home . . .

Indefatigable, indomitable as ever is the new R.A.F. manner.

Seven hundred and sixty-seven Axis planes destroyed, plus tanks, since Mike Rook touched down at Maison Blanche a few minutes after Commandos had captured the airfield! Four hundred and two destroyed, plus 1,075, captured by the Western Desert Air Force! That is the temperature test!

At Mareth a Spitfire squadron operated from an airfield nearer than any fighter base had ever before been to the enemy.

It was so close that it actually came under the fire of Rommel's artillery.

## Valuable Minutes

When the guns opened up, the ground crews slid into slit trenches—and the pilots took to the sky.

They reckoned that the airfield location, if apt to be warm, saved valuable minutes in flying time. They sat in their cockpits in a permanent stand-by.

While waiting, they worked on fragments from the plastic glass hoods of shot-down Nazi aircraft—fashioning out rings and scarf-holders with penknives.

In combat action this squadron has never lost a machine.

As the Nazis retreated the R.A.F. Servicing Commandos looked for airfields still nearer.

From collecting and hauling the camel-scrub, flattening out ugly patches with spades, removing rocks and dangerous débris, they had one landing ground built and in use in three hours.

It wasn't an ex-enemy field taken over. It was a useless patch of desert transformed from scratch—and blazing camel-scrub lit the first beacon.

Such work is valorous, as you will know when the full account can be rendered.

## A Devon Clerk

For the present here is the story of Herbert Bowden. Just an aircraftman who used to be a clerk down in Devonshire, he was left in charge of an advanced landing-ground section.

Perhaps there wasn't much to be in charge of—just the bleak, empty airfield and a truck filled with markers, spades, flashlights, 'chutes and the other gear of an aircraft stores.

But when news came that the ground was to be abandoned—and everything with it—Herbert said:

"That truck's our responsibility. It might mean something. We've got to get it out of here."

Before his boys had a chance the Panzers moved forward.

Back into the hills went Bert Bowden and his section. From the grey craggy cover they could still see the truck, and the Nazis moved past without touching it.

Two hours later the "Bowden Army" scrambled down to the truck—only to be met with a blaze of machine-gun fire.

At dusk they stole down—and spent the night in the truck, intending to move it at the crack of dawn.

Once again they had to return to the hills under a menacing rain of machine-gun bullets.

## Withering Fire

Some Allied tanks rolled up, and Bert moved down to the truck under their cover. Then the tanks had to retreat from the withering fire—and he with it.

But that night, under light of the pale stars, he returned to the truck with his men and got it moving.

They soon reached safety.

The 'bus was chipped and scarred with enemy fire, but the stores were intact.

Bert has just been awarded the Military Medal.

# WOMEN WHO ARE SCARING AXIS BULLIES

★ ★

SHOULD women fight? They *do*—in their own brave way.

Anna Bang—she's a twenty-four-year-old Norwegian typist—crossed frightening mountains to reach compatriots who had seized a fort.

She combed the remote district for medical supplies, tended the wounded—until there was nothing left but surrender.

Two women soldiers fighting—by women's methods—in the manner their instincts said was best.

French trains are wrecked in France. Saboteurs must move at dead of night. Impossible, if women talked!

Talk? They co-operate!

One Frenchwoman, Madame Kerival, went to the camp at Chateaubriant where her husband—one of twenty-seven doomed men—was to be shot.

Nothing much she could do, you'd think.

But she saw seventeen-year-old Guy Moquet waiting to die, pleaded to be shot in his place.

They pushed her on one side and laughed. But they saw something of the true France—and that hurts as much as machine-guns.

★ ★ ★

Hundreds of thousands of French women have their places in the battle of liberation that is coming. The Nazis know it, know they are going to fight in a woman's way.

They can shoot them. But it's like putting up a rush windscreen against a tornado.

The Nazis shot five brave Belgian women at Liège. They had hidden British airmen.

"Being dead, they liveth."

They were fools to kill them, these Nazis. It means that 5,000 women are ready to step into the gaps in the ranks.

At Wavre, a Belgian woman went to lay flowers on an R.A.F. boy's grave.

A German barked an order—pointed a rifle. She laid her flowers on the grave and prayed.

That day hundreds of women helped to turn a little mound of earth into a mountain of cottage garden flowers.

And who was the bravest, do you think, the fool who nearly fired, or those proudly defiant women who freeze Nazi hearts stone cold with fear of the retribution that is coming?

In Russia, housewives the German hordes have overrun discard their aprons and hit back as guerillas.

So the Nazis shoot them like dogs.

They decided to burn a seventeen-year-old girl in the Donetz district, ordering her mother to light the pyre.

She couldn't—or wouldn't. So they threw her into the flames as well.

★ ★ ★

The Yunnan-Burma railway is as life-blood to China. It has 500,000 workers. And 300,000 of them are women.

In Greece, too, where people starve among the ruins of their homes, women watch for a chance to kill Nazis first—and put the finding of food next.

And how many epics of womanhood have we missed in this country because the Nazis—as yet—have been afraid to invade?

Yes, women fight. Kaethe Seitz, of Mannheim, has just been executed for "supporting the enemy." She's not the first German woman to be put to death for fighting against the Evil they are determined to kill.

We don't know how they fought, yet. We might almost guess. *In a woman's way.*

For they are not cheered away in troop trains, these women. They carry no standards. They wear no decorations. But they fight.

★ *IN ASSESSING THE RESOURCES OF THE UNITED NATIONS, WE MUST NOT FORGET THE USEFUL ARMIES, AND THE AIR AND NAVAL UNITS OF THE COUNTRIES HITLER IMAGINED HE HAD CONQUERED*

*This motor-cycle section of the Czech army radiates the keenness with which their compatriots are waiting for The Day*

# They Will Shock Hitler and Co.

PRESENT military strength of some of the conquered countries is, in fact, bigger now than it was when the German tanks and 'planes ravaged them.

Hitler knows it; and fears it because he realises that their military strength is multiplied by the ardent determination to avenge the defeat of their countries.

## Armies of Revenge

The Czechs and the Poles, the Norwegians, the Dutch, the Belgians and the Greeks have built up these armies of revenge.

With British and American help, but very often out of their own resources, they have created navies and air forces which are playing a part in the war and will play a bigger part when the hour of liberation of the European Continent strikes.

It is no longer unusual to see in Britain soldiers of these countries wearing medals for gallantry and heroism in this war.

**On the big raids on Germany, Czech, Polish and French squadrons are taking part. The intruder pilots who shoot up German camps and stores across the Channel are often operating within a few miles of their former homes.**

Do not underestimate the strength of these refugee armies. It is bigger than most people think.

Take only one example: Nazi experts insist that Britain's Middle Eastern Army includes 100,000 Poles. Their guess may be conservative.

Little did the German generals realise how far they were from the declared principle of "the enemy's complete annihilation" when Warsaw was in flames and the Poles had to give up the unequal struggle.

## Grand Warriors

To-day the Poles can look back on a continued struggle which includes such high-lights as their part in the defence of Tobruk during the historic nine-months' siege, hundreds of raids on Germany, and an incessant war at sea with submarines and destroyers manned by all-Polish crews.

**A renewed Polish army is ready. As the Russians press on in the North there are Polish divisions with them eager to return to their country with arms in hand and take a personal part in the eviction of the enemy.**

Look right to the other fringe of the vast battlefield of this war, to Africa where German troops now meet an unusual, a frightening opponent.

It is the crack Greek regiment, the Kilted Evzones, which put the fear of God into the Italians and put up a heroic resistance against the Germans.

## Fighting French

They may soon be fighting again.

It is the same with every people that Hitler thought he had crushed. He has not defeated their spirit and that spirit now animates the new armies.

**The French, whether they pay allegiance to De Gaulle or Giraud, have already played a vital part in this war.**

Under General Leclerc they have achieved one of the war's greatest feats by trekking a thousand miles through the desert to hit Rommel in the rear during the battle of Libya. Leclerc is again in the thick of the African fighting.

And on the high seas French destroyers, French minesweepers and submarines are waging grim war.

Neither has Hitler's shortest campaign, however perfect it looked, eliminated the gallant Dutch from the war. In Britain to-day you can see them at work, great soldiers, heroic airmen, training for the day when they are allowed to strike for the liberation of their own Holland.

And that the Dutch can fight Hitler when they have the chance has been shown in the Far East, where a Dutch navy, air force and army are still locked in battle with the "Yellow Prussians."

Belgium is equally proud to provide a strong fighting contingent to the forces of the United Nations.

The Czechs, the Jugoslavs, even the Danes have now free fighting men in the ranks of the Allied armies.

## Never Forget

**Some of the Czechs, for instance, have shot hundreds of German aircraft out of the skies, and their part—and that of Polish airmen—in the Battle of Britain will never be forgotten.**

It was a Polish squadron which, proportionately, inflicted the biggest damage on the *Luftwaffe* over Dieppe. No fewer than thirty-eight of the German 'planes destroyed fell to the famous "Warsaw Squadron."

Some of these men cannot yet speak English properly. But watch them handling a Spitfire!

All these "defeated" armies, air forces and navies are very much alive to-day. A stirring goes through their ranks as they watch the final preparations for the inevitable invasion.

They are closing their ranks as more men join them, coming from overseas, from America and the Dominions, as well as their home countries.

There are, to-day, Germans and Austrians among them, proven anti-Nazis who were originally only admitted to the non-combatant Pioneer Corps, but have since succeeded in obtaining arms to fight the Nazis and are now serving in many British regiments.

Some of these men, just as the Norwegians, Dutch and French, have experienced the horrors of Nazi concentration camps, still bear the scars of Nazi cruelty on their bodies.

**But there is fire in their eyes, a wild determination to get into the biggest of all battles—the invasion of the Continent.**

**And when that battle starts these "beaten armies of Europe" will play no small part in helping Britain, Russia and America to administer to Hitler the final defeat.**

**W. F.**



# BIG

"LOOK to your moat" was the watchword of Britain in the seventeenth century. It is our most imperious command to-day.

Then "the moat" was the Channel. Now it is the wide Atlantic. It is there the danger lies. And it is an immediate danger.

If we could project ourselves into the councils of the enemy we should find that one fear and one purpose dominated all others. The fear is that of invasion by the sea. The purpose is the defeat of that invasion—*at sea.*

It can be accomplished in one way, and one way only—by such a destruction of our shipping that the transport of a great army, or armies, with such mountains of equipment and supplies as will maintain them effectively on enemy soil, would be impossible to organise.

★ ★ ★

**THIS WAS THE MEANING OF THE APPOINTMENT OF DOENITZ AS THE DICTATOR OF THE GERMAN NAVY. HIS BUSINESS IS TO THROW ALL CAUTION TO THE WINDS AND GAMBLE EVERYTHING ON A DECISIVE BLOW AT SEA.**

In the circumstances it is a legitimate gamble at this stage of the struggle.

The tide is flowing strongly against Germany, east and west, in the air and on land.

The sea is the one field where the forces are still in the balance and where a lucky stroke might have incalculable consequences.

It is not difficult to see the argument of the enemy. "If the gamble comes off the invasion will be thwarted this summer certainly and perhaps finally.

"All the vast preparations for it will be wasted. Great armies will have been assem-



# TH

★ *Are we doing*
*should be done to*
*imminent and de*
*gamble to hold up*
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By A. G. GA

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# What is Behind the Wave of German Execut

THE sudden death of the German Ambassador in Madrid, Von Moltke, only a few weeks after he had taken up his job there, may really have been caused by appendicitis as officially stated.

Or it might not.

For with the Nazis one can never know.

★ ★ ★

**Anyway, it is a remarkable coincidence that almost at the same time as this ex-Ambassador in Warsaw died in Spain, his former chief assistant in Warsaw—Counsellor of Embassy Von Schelihs — was executed by the Gestapo in Berlin as a "Soviet spy."**

**With him fifty other men connected with the Wilhelmstrasse were "liquidated."**

One of the victims was a friend of mine, Ernst von Harnack, son of a famous German philosopher and theologist.

I know little about his activities since I saw him last, exactly ten years ago. And if I knew I should certainly not write about it.

I remember only that this convinced Socialist, who occupied a high post in the Republican administration in Prussia, behaved extremely courageously after Hitler had seized power.

He went time and again to the Ministries to expose atrocities or to intervene for the release of arrested members of the Socialist Party (including myself).

When I learn that this man was executed as a "Soviet spy" I can only laugh in spite of my horror.

Reports from the German frontier, published since the beginning of 1943, in the *Times* and other London newspapers, about mass-executions of former leading figures of the German Republican Parties are obviously true.

Harnack's case has been mentioned, under a freak charge, because his family name was too well known for keeping it secret.

But how many other cases have happened which were never reported, and how many more will follow?

These reports from the German frontier all gave the same and perfectly logical explanation: Himmler will not take any chance with the home front.

★ ★ ★

The more desperate things look for the Nazis, the more ruthlessly the Gestapo and the S.S. will seek to exterminate men who—by the very fact of their existence and even without displaying any particular activity—might b
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# THINGS AT SEA

★ *Are we doing everything that should be done to meet Germany's imminent and desperate naval gamble to hold up our plans for the big offensive?*

## By A. G. GARDINER

bled in vain and left ashore to go to seed in idleness. The feeding and supply of Britain will have been gravely imperilled.

"The defeat of Germany will be indefinitely delayed, perhaps averted altogether.

"If the gamble fails (continues the enemy argument) we shall not be seriously worse off. Our capacity to stand up to the invasion on land will not be affected by the failure at sea.

"The loss of our navy will be negligible. It is not powerful enough to meet the enemy in battle. Its only value is as a gambling counter.

"Germany lost the last war because her navy would not risk a gamble. Let us take the risk now. If we lose we shall still have our U-boats."

★ ★ ★

It is consistent with this argument that Doenitz is dismantling the *Seydlitz*, which has been under construction at Bremerhaven. Her armour and guns are being put to other uses and he is building no more big ships.

It is too late for Germany to start building a fighting navy.

**EVERYTHING IS TO BE SACRIFICED TO THE U-BOAT ARM, AND THE BIG SHIPS THAT EXIST ARE TO BE FLUNG INTO THE ALL-IN GAMBLE.**

This is the immediate threat we have to meet. We must not under-rate its gravity.

We have turned the scales in the air. Russia and the Eighth Army have turned the scales on land. But we have not won the Battle of the Atlantic.

For three and a half years we have held our own. At immense cost we have kept the sea lanes open and maintained our surface supremacy.

**BUT WE HAVE NOT CONQUERED THE U-BOAT. AND THIS SUMMER THE U-BOAT, SUPPORTED BY ALL AVAILABLE WARSHIPS, WILL ATTEMPT TO CONQUER US AND TO UPSET THE WHOLE CASABLANCA INVASION PROGRAMME.**

While it is the U-boat on which Doenitz is mainly banking, the force of warships with which he can manœuvre is formidable enough to keep our Admiralty on its toes.

After the disastrous maiden voyage of the *Bismarck*, her sister battleship the *Tirpitz* has been kept out of harm's way. But she is lurking in the fiords of Norway waiting for the word "Go" from Doenitz.

And lurking with her, or near her, are such powerful battle-cruisers, cruisers and pocket battleships as the *Scharnhorst*, the *Prince Eugen*, the *Admiral Hipper*, the *Scheer* and the *Deutschland*.

It needs no effort of the imagination to picture the havoc which these or any of these great raiders, escaping into the Atlantic, could do to our convoys.

They would be hunted down, but in the interval their devastation might well be worth their sacrifice.

And it is not only the German warships which Doenitz will gamble. If the Morocco radio report that he has taken over the supreme command of the Italian navy is true his power of mischief is enormously enhanced.

The Italian fleet will no longer be left to skulk ingloriously under the shelter of the guns of its naval bases. It will have to show its flag in Mussolini's "Italian lake" and take the consequences.

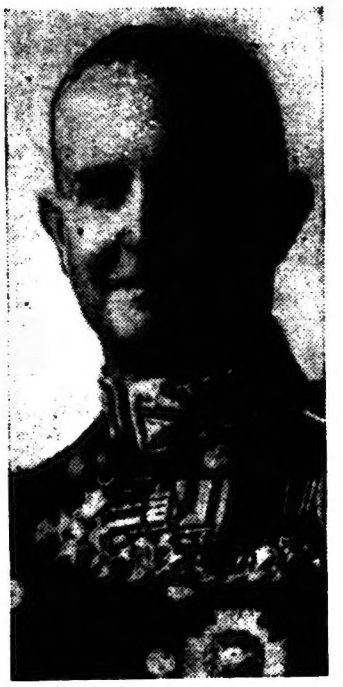
In spite of its heavy losses, it is still a formidable fleet on paper, including no fewer than six battleships.

We may doubt whether the jackal has fallen so low as to surrender his last bargaining counter to his voracious tiger.

But can he refuse? And if he cannot our watch in the Atlantic may have to be weakened by withdrawals to the Mediterranean.

★ ★ ★

**BUT IT IS AS THE GENIUS OF SUBMARINE WARFARE THAT DOENITZ HAS COME TO GREATNESS, AND IT IS UPON THE U-BOAT THAT HE RELIES TO WIN THE BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC—OR AT ALL EVENTS TO CRAB OUR INVASION PROGRAMME THIS SUMMER.**



*Admiral Cunningham, C.-in-C. in the Mediterranean, will be ready for the Italian Fleet if the Germans can force it to come out*

His resources are great and increasing and his new technique of hunting in packs has had, and is still having, a disquieting measure of success. If we are to defeat his object we must counter his strategy.

I speak here with a layman's hesitation in regard to an experts' problem, but certain conclusions seem obvious.

The first is that there is no single solution. The rats must be hunted down at sea.

The rat-holes must be stopped up ashore. The propagation of the rats must be slowed down at the source.

In all these respects much is being done and the rat plague has so far been kept within manageable limits.

The escort system has been enormously tightened. The blasting of such nests as St. Nazaire and Lorient, Wilhelmshaven and Bremen have had results not less great because we cannot measure them.

And the systematic bombing of the industrial sources from Essen to Augsburg cannot fail to slow down the rat supply.

Then the South Atlantic position has been substantially bettered, with the coastline of Brazil and the coastline of French West Africa both now in friendly hands.

★ ★ ★

If time were of no consequence we should not have reason for concern. But time is urgent.

**THE GREATEST HAZARD OF THE WAR IS IMMINENT. ON ITS SUCCESS OR FAILURE IMMENSE ISSUES HANG.**

And the key to success or failure is in the Battle of the Atlantic. There, as General Smuts reminded us last summer, is our vulnerable heel, and it is in no carping or distrustful spirit that we seek assurance on certain points.

★ ★ ★

Is the partial adoption of his scheme for combating the U-boat doing all that should be done?

Is Sir Stafford Cripps satisfied that it is adequate?

Is there not a case for the appointment of a supreme commander in this most critical and most ceaseless battle of the war?

Is the air arm being sufficiently used to add to the security of the convoys?

Is it not possible, for example, to give more effective air cover to that fatal gap in the mid-Atlantic which is the happy hunting ground of the U-boat and the scene of so large a part of our losses?

I hope the answer to such questions will be given, not in words, but in deeds, before Doenitz launches the bolt with which he hopes to upset our invasion applecart.

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at Von Moltke ndicitis while his friend and collaborator Von Schelihа was being shot in Berlin as a "spy."

But I have evidence for the fact that, as Ambassador in Warsaw until the outbreak of war, he was outspoken in his dislike of the Nazi régime.

Perhaps that was why the Nazis selected him as Ambassador in one of the few last neutral capitals at the beginning of this year—at a time when things were getting desperate for Hitler on the Russian Front.

Such a Conservative aristocrat was, in their eyes perhaps, the ideal tool for a peace-feeler in a capital where the Allies also have Ambassadors.

Did he commit himself too much, in connection with lukewarm circles in the Wilhelmstrasse?

Was he already offering the heads of Hitler, Himmler and other Nazi leaders as a price, or a bait?

★ ★ ★

Nobody can tell. But for all I know the Gestapo butler of the Embassy may just as well have poured a dose of arsenic in his wineglass and the Gestapo doctor of the Embassy may have treated the case as "appendicitis"—according to plan.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

## WAFFER LS YOU...

E FIGHT WITHOUT

opinion of Air Marshal Bishop, V.C., "a good hate for the Axis is to win the war."
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# ANOTHER BIG RAMP BY SCOTNICKI!

**CHARLES SCOTNICKI—central figure in the big War Contracts Scandal of three years ago—is busy again!**

**So unblushingly has this man of ugly financial past resumed his war exploiting activities that it is hard to think they were once discussed in Parliament and, later, the subject of a secret Government inquiry.**

**But Charles Kingsley Scotnicki—who has found life more profitable as Charles Julian Kingsley Scott—is not lacking in either self-confidence or audacity, as certain firms of war contractors and a host of smaller people have recently found to their cost.**

**War contractors have a peculiar attraction for Scotnicki, perhaps because they have to disburse money in a big way and he has made it his particular war-time job to get as much as he can for himself.**

**The last bit of bother started when he persuaded the Ministry of Supply to introduce him—an ex-jail bird—to a firm of war contractors urgently in need of capital.**

**The country was put to the expense of a secret inquiry to find out how.**

**The army colonel who effected the introduction—a distinguished officer and D.S.O., whose name there is no purpose in recalling—was dismissed the Service after an eight-days' trial behind closed doors and armed guards.**

**And the then War Minister, Mr. Eden, deplored that Ministry of Supply officials had not made proper inquiries into *Mr. Scott's* past, and hoped it would be a lesson for the future!**

***But Mr. Scotnicki knows more than Mr. Eden about the shortness of the public and official memory.***

## BEHIND THE SCENES

**And so Government contractors soon discovered that a company called Catering Management, Ltd., was anxious to help them in the laudable task of giving their workers really tip-top meals.**

**The company was established, if you please, as industrial catering consultants and managers.**

**But, peeping behind the scenes, we find—Mr. Scotnicki!**

**It operates under his guidance from an address in Bruton Place, London, W.1, which must be well known to numerous disappointed creditors.**

**His name doesn't appear on the literature of Catering Management, Ltd., although he has been involved with its control for two years. His wife and a brother described as "on active service" are the registered directors.**

**One of the first firms of Government contractors drawn into the net was building a big camp for Canadian soldiers.**

**Catering Management, Ltd., got the necessary Ministry of Food permits *to supply the building contractor's workers only.* The area Food Officer obliged by authorising two-pennyworth of meat a day per head instead of a pennyworth—a concession that can, of course, be granted for war workers in these heavier industries.**

**The canteen was opened.**

**Creditors soon found certain difficulties in getting accounts settled, but that, of course, was no concern of the building contractors.**

## DISCOVERIES

**Then the Food Office felt it wise to make a few discreet inquiries.**

**Dropping in on the canteen manager, they called for the production of records.**

***They also told him that official observation showed meals were being supplied to people who had no right to them and that returns submitted to the Ministry, and passed by Catering Management, Ltd., were false.***

**Mr. Henry Humphreys, the manager, was very agitated. He explained he had lost his attaché-case containing the essential papers**

**Asked whether the police had been told of the loss, he admitted they had not.**

**Then Catering Management, Ltd., were seen. The returns were wrong, yes, but they blamed the manager!**

### SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' COMMENTS

**But the false returns, having been signed by the directors at headquarters, the local bench could not accept that as a defence—and both firm and manager were fined for failing to keep proper records of stocks and rationed foods obtained and of meals supplied.**

**Catering Management, Ltd., lost that contract and, turning a deaf ear to creditors, pushed on with their better-meals-for-workers missionary work in other fields.**

**They were able to persuade another contracting firm to let their expert inspect the canteen facilities and see if they couldn't be improved.**

**Enter the expert—Mr. Charles Scott in person!**

**He was most convincing. He could do wonders for the workers! He had, indeed, himself conceived the idea of running canteens for war workers generally.**

## STRANGE ACCOUNTS

**And so a three-months' trial was agreed. Catering Management, Ltd., taking 10 per cent. of the takings and providing strict weekly accounts.**

***Scott and his other experts arrived. Five weeks went by, but no accounts were forthcoming.***

**Hearing disturbing reports about declining food stocks and reserves, the firm's managing director consulted his accountants.**

**And soon the discovery was made that the accounts of the catering business were in a confused and unsatisfactory condition.**

**More weeks went by—in which time Mr. Scott ceased his personal visits—and demands to Catering Management, Ltd.'s head office for accounts forthwith met with stony silence.**

**Then at last certain accounts did arrive—and very astonishing accounts they were.**

**Mr. Scott had charged a salary and expenses and fees, for which there was no provision in the 10 per cent. agreement. Again, "dues" had been deducted for all sorts of people.**

**According to the views of the directors of the manufacturing company these items should not have been charged against them.**

***Again local greengrocers, grocers, bakers, butchers and others clamoured in vain for the hundreds of pounds due.***

**As far afield as Scotland and South Wales are other firms of war contractors who have had bitter experience of Mr. Scott's "expert advice."**

***Charles Julian Kingsley Scott is how he likes to be known, but his name is Scotnicki***

**And that he has other catering ramifications is suggested by the fact that a year ago, at Bow Street, he was fined £200 or three months' imprisonment under the Business Names Act for failing to furnish a statement of his former name in connection with Charles Scott and Co., catering consultants, also of Bruton Place, W.**

## BEGAN AS SHOEMAKER

**His name is actually Scotnicki. That is how he is described on his birth-certificate when he was born to a shoemaker father at Shoreditch in 1902.**

**He himself started off as a shoemaker, but has since been clerk, professional soldier, refrigerator salesman, stock dealer, restaurant manager and business consultant and expert.**

**In the pose of a man of substance, he was entertaining lavishly at Longueville Manor, Jersey, a fine old house with its own lake and park, when the police called on a matter of £8,000 entrusted to him by a local investor.**

**He was soon serving two years' imprisonment in Jersey jail.**

**He was a bankrupt for three and a half years between 1930 and 1933.**

**Like his direct victims, the taxpayer is already the poorer as the result of this man's determination to treat this war as his Golden Opportunity.**

**It is in the national as well as private interest that his exploits should be curbed.**

## TIGHTER CONTROL

**It seems highly undesirable that the catering arrangements made for the health and efficiency of our workers should get into the hands of any but highly experienced and efficient caterers.**

**Manufacturers engaged on war work cannot possibly judge the efficiency of caterers who come to them and obtain Food Permits.**

**I believe the Ministry of Food is tightening up its control over this matter now, and I trust and expect that it will be as effective in this as it has been in its great task of controlling our food supplies generally.**

### PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

***Mr. F. Bagley, Franklin Road, King's Norton, Birmingham, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for interesting information.***

***Information is welcomed about any suspected ramp or swindle. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.***



## New Re For It

THERE are, as we told these days thousands of growing up who hav cannot remember, lights of street lamp When the lights over the world (as will seem like fairyl millions of younge

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Because, you see, not the only thing on in September, 1 Bonfire Night, fo It is five years guy in the eye and to the blue paper of Now, the street back as soon as we because there is a But will the other too?

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Bonfire Night? time cared a hang and Gunpowder P celebrating Bonfir because *we kept o* And having stopp going to find it di to a lot of youngst we should go ha Fifth of November dead gent named We—and the you knew them—may f a reason for eatin on a day in Febru

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And having c Easter. And hold by the seaside in Once you take a doing a thing there in doing it. And Therefore, being remembers the co was, I hope some these things.

If Hitler falls o of December, we c November go with can't poke a guy poke an Adolf.

The first pancak can put the firs date on the calen be Pancake Day.

There may be n for doing the old t be plenty of new So long as we It will be up t get things started *won't know.*

● In most of the in which we ma find ourselves, there can help us better selves.

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Well, Ruskin on

# New Reasons For It All

THERE are, as we are rather often told these days, thousands and thousands of boys and girls growing up who have never seen, or cannot remember, the twinkling lights of street lamps.

When the lights go on again all over the world (as the song says) it will seem like fairyland come true to millions of youngsters everywhere.

* * *

Because, you see, street lamps were not the only thing we put the lid on in September, 1939.

Bonfire Night, for instance.

It is five years since we poked a guy in the eye and applied a match to the blue paper of a Roman candle.

Now, the street lights will come back as soon as we get things settled, because there is a reason for them. But will the other things come back, too?

Is there any longer a reason for them?

Bonfire Night? But who in our time cared a hang about Guy Fawkes and Gunpowder Plot. We kept on celebrating Bonfire Night simply because *we kept on.*

And having stopped perhaps we're going to find it difficult to explain to a lot of youngsters that they and we should go happily mad every Fifth of November because of a long-dead gent named Guy Fawkes.

We—and the youngsters who never knew them—may find it hard to give a reason for eating pancakes only on a day in February.

* * *

And having coloured eggs at Easter. And holding Carnival Day by the seaside in summer.

Once you take away the reason for doing a thing there's not much sense in doing it. And the thing dies out.

Therefore, being an old-timer who remembers the *colour* of life as it was, I hope somebody is watching these things.

If Hitler falls on, say, the Second of December, we can let the Fifth of November go without a sigh. If we can't poke a guy in the eye we can poke an Adolf.

The first pancake after the war can put the first ring round a date on the calendar, and *that* can be Pancake Day.

There may be no old reasons left for doing the old things. But there'll be plenty of new reasons.

So long as we don't forget.

It will be up to us old-timers to get things started. *The youngsters won't know.*

A. G.

# THE MAN AND THE SPIRIT

SLICE OF LIFE
By
WALDO KELLAR

TRUTH is not only stranger than fiction, it is infinitely greater; for the finest fiction can never be more than an interpretation or a reflection of something real.

There are in existence certain sets of peculiar charts in which every possible permutation and combination of every situation in fiction is carefully laid out.

Men rack their brain to discover new angles, new twists, little crumbs of novelty that may make old plots go down more smoothly.

A great deal of the craft of fiction is, in effect, the discovering of new spices and sauces with which one may disguise the familiar flavours of the three or four brands of meat.

The story that I am going to tell you to-day comes, I assure you, direct from its source. Yet I have, at the back of my mind, a feeling that I have heard it before.

Never mind. As far as I am concerned, it is true; inasmuch as I had it from the man who intended to make it true.

I met him in London a few years ago. He was, as one says, getting on in years. I do not believe that he was as old as he looked. He was one of those little men that shrivel very quickly.

*He pointed to a little showcard or sign which said something about wines and spirits*

HE might have been fifty, or even sixty. He was, I fear, over-fond of cocktail bars, where he passed a considerable part of every day.

I met him in a famous old bar. He was not completely sober. Turning to me, and pointing to a little showcard or sign which said something about wines and spirits, he said:

"Do you believe in spirits?"

I said: "I don't quite know. I am perfectly prepared to believe in them, or in anything else. In general, I believe in them rather than deny them, because I think, that unconsidered denial is stupid."

He said: "My wife believes in spirits. And that is why I am here, in pursuit of a different kind of spirits. . . ."

He went on . . . wife is a terrible woman. She doesn't like me, and I don't very much like her. She is what I might describe as a crank.

I am not blaming her for that. Perhaps it is my fault for not making her life more interesting for her in general.

But for the last thirty years or more she has devoted herself body and soul to every new bit of nonsense that has come her way.

Well . . . well . . . one is entitled to pursue one's own interests, and God forbid that I should stand in the way of a legitimate inquiring mind.

But listen. Work this out for yourself. I am a well-to-do man. I didn't get my money out of thin air. I worked hard for it and got it honestly. I began life with all kinds of nice, shiny, fresh ideals.

I WANTED to be a great lawyer and defend the rights of the poor and be a benefactor to my fellow-men. But my wife talked me out of that.

She wanted money. So I devoted myself to getting it. I went into business, and sweated and struggled.

And all the while, while I was working ten, twelve, sixteen hours a day and wearing myself out, she was giving herself over to all kinds of foolishness.

First of all, she went in for some ridiculous missionary scheme. That cost me plenty.

Then, all of a sudden, she drops the cannibals' trousers and takes to Oriental religions. She brought some kind of a Hindu holy man into the house and made life a perfect misery for nearly twelve months.

She and a lot of other foolish women used to worship him like a god, and I was not allowed to smoke in the house, or drink in the house, or have any friends of my own in the house; and she scarcely spoke to me because she found my conversation unsympathetic and, I suppose, unholy.

Her holy man, however, did not find my money unholy, and he ended by running off with some of it, together with some of my wife's jewels.

Well, I didn't mind that, so long as I was rid of the fellow. I thought that I might look forward to a little peace and quiet in the home, but I had no such luck.

My wife went from one thing to another as easily as I go from one drink to another. She immediately developed a new circle of friends; I believe they were interested. . . . I forget what it was, but I think it had something to do with the education of mothers, or what have you.

My wife never had any children: she was too busy. When I suggested that it might be a fairly good thing to try and have a child before it was too late, she asked me whether I thought that it was a woman's function to degrade herself to the level of a domestic slave.

And then she got hold of a new religion, the name of which I forget . . . and so it went on, year in and year out, and I found that my life was really quite empty.

Then she got another bug. This time, it was spirits. Well, I'm like yourself. I don't know anything at all about spirits, but I'm perfectly willing to believe in them. I dare say there is an after life, and I can't reconcile myself to the belief that everything ends in the grave.

But, as an ordinary reasonable man, I think it unfair to expect me to swallow everything the mediums and what-not tell me.

ONCE, for example, my wife's little circle got through to the soul of Voltaire. He said, in a Lancashire accent if I've ever heard one, that he was very happy.

I spoke to him in French, but he didn't understand a word of it. Now is this reasonable? I think not.

I said so, and was severely told off. The whole circle fell upon me like hens on a duckling and nearly pecked me to death.

I am not attacking spiritualists or spiritualism: I don't know anything at all about it, and there's the end of it. But a lot of very dreary quarrels broke out between my wife and me, and in the end she said some very hard things.

To crown it all, a week or two ago she told me that she had only married me *faute de mieux*, and that in actual fact she had always been in love with somebody else.

That, somehow, wounded me more than anything else; because if I had known it before, I wouldn't have stayed, but I'd have found some better way of living.

But I said nothing. And my wife—a middle-aged woman, mind—sat at the feet of her medium friends, and paid quite heavily for the privilege of doing so.

There are mediums who are not interested in money; but my wife's pals were definitely not of that kind.

So I determined to try a little experiment. I have been feeling rather dickey lately, and my doctor tells me that one of these days I shall pop off like a penny balloon. I don't care much.

But I thought I might as well go out with a little joke, and a little experiment. . . . I made my will. My wife hasn't seen it yet. . . .

* * *

The old man began to laugh, and the laugh became a cough, and when he had got his breath again, he said:—

"I have left her £250 a year free of tax. But I have also left £250,000 in securities. They are in an air-tight box, and they are buried in a place that Sherlock Holmes himself couldn't find. I have left word in my will that this sum of money, if discovered, through the agency of a medium, goes to my wife to do with as she pleases.

"The pity of it is, of course, that I shall not be alive to see the fun. But if, as I say in my will, my wife gets in touch with me after I pass on—why, I shall be glad to tell her where the money is buried. It seems to me that this is only fair. . . ."

When I left the old man, he was still laughing.

## SELF-HELP IS THE BEST HELP

HUMAN MACHINE

In most of the worrying situations in which we may from time to time find ourselves, there is rarely anyone who can help us better than we can ourselves.

Mind you, to help ourselves effectively we've got to know how to do it. We've got to be prepared. It's no use waiting till we're up against it. We can't do much then.

That is really the inner meaning of that saying that "Things are what we make them."

It all depends on whether our minds have a right outlook, on whether our spirits have a right refuge into which to retire.

Now what is all this about a "protective system," about "self-help" and the rest?

Well, Ruskin once put it very succinctly. He said: "Make yourself nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet knows what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thoughts, proof against adversity.

"Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us, for our souls to dwell in."

Christina Rossetti also knew. She said: "I have a room whereinto no one enters save I myself alone. There sits a blessed memory on a throne, there my life centres."

But we have got to build such a room ourselves. No one can do it for us. Self-help is always the best help, for it is certain, prompt and sure in its results!

★ *Training to-day's Polish troops for the Victory Offensive is the man they call "J. K."—the ace escapist, who patiently took twenty-six months to prove that he couldn't be held. His amazing story is told for the first time*

# STAGED SIX ESCAPES FROM GERMANS

*These are some of his compatriots "J.K." is helping to train for the day of retribution*

THEY COULDN'T BE HELD. No. 5

★

By MARK PRIESTLEY

I SPOTTED him, brown-eyed, tough-chinned, strolling through Piccadilly Circus. And there was a time when, with the entire might of the *Gestapo* hot at his heels, he'd walked with that same sardonic smile down Unter den Linden.

He'd miraculously survived when his battalion, outnumbered fourteen to one, was shot to pieces during the Battle of Poland. Joining the guerillas, he'd been one of the last soldiers in Poland to fight to a standstill.

## Veteran of Four Wars

Then he'd escaped six times from German prison camps, had remained undaunted through every recapture, had taken two years and two months to prove conclusively that the Huns couldn't hold him. . . .

No wonder the "Great J. K."—as one must call him—is almost a legend to modern Poland.

Veteran of four wars, he was in the famous Polish Legion at fifteen, at forty had won the Cross of Merit twice over.

**Fighting always for freedom, he once believed the Germans might mould a great European unity. Now, when J. K. speaks of the Nazis, there are ghosts in his eyes.**

Ghosts of the heroes murdered as hostages. Ghosts of the wounded men who were force-marched with him into Prussia.

In his heart, as he worked with a slave gang on a farm near Konigsberg, the determination to escape and fight again to avenge the fallen flamed to blazing point.

Three village children with whom he had made friends brought him a map and a compass. The prisoners were herded at night into a common lock-up. A break-out was simple enough.

Under the stars, while the guards jabbered, J. K. set his course, not into Poland where he might be traced, but straight into Germany.

**Fifty days later he was in Berlin. "I'd taken my time," he says, "and I'd taken no chances. It seemed to me safer to go straight through the city than skirt the suburbs."**

## Caught by Huntsmen

He was right. The city was safer. In the woods of the farther countryside four days later, he was hallooed by two huntsmen.

They rode him down, and turned him over to the police—for trespassing.

J. K. knew he was cornered and would have to think up a quick one. So he admitted to being a prisoner-of-war—escaped from a camp on the borders of Holland!

Next day he found himself chained hand and foot to a bench in a train headed westward. In fetters, guarded by four soldiers, only J. K. could have found hope in the situation.

"I joked with them," he says, "asking, if they were the heroes of the world as they claimed, why did it take four heroes to take only one Pole safely.

His talk lulled them into false security. Agreeing the Pole could not possibly escape, the escort slept.

**J. K. quietly twisted the chains about his ankles and wrists till they grew swollen with congested blood. Then he roused the corporal and begged to be relieved of his agony. The Nazi complied, removing the shackles, sure that one Pole was harmless against four.**

## Jumped from Train

From a wash-room window a few minutes later, while the corporal stood guard in the corridor, J. K. jumped from the moving train.

This time twenty-six days passed before he was retaken.

Sentenced to solitary confinement he was rewarded by patience and allowed at last to work about the guards' entrance of the prison camp.

It took him a few days to steal a map, a few weeks to pinch a compass, a few months to snip—as he says—a pair of pliers.

**One moonless night, midway between the guards posted at 25-ft. intervals along the wire barrier, he quietly clipped his way through to freedom.**

Southward he turned, heading for Switzerland.

Three weeks later he was crossing the Rhine near Coblenz in a stolen row-boat, when the R.A.F. hummed over.

Up flashed the searchlights, down came the bombs—and the glare picked him out for the river scouts.

For the fourth time J K. was a prisoner. Held at a local station, he escaped again, was caught again.

**They took his fingerprints and discovered his past escapes from other camps. Marked now for special watch as a highly dangerous criminal, he was sentenced to a labour gang. And still he got away. . . .**

## Helped Others

Ways and means cannot be told. Nor would it be entirely discreet to reveal how he crossed into occupied France and found himself at Mulhouse not far from the Swiss border.

It suffices—and it's typical of J. K.—that he staked his even chance of safety on an attempt to help compatriots in a near-by prison camp.

Just as he was climbing a wall to fling a message to them, he was discovered.

For five days he was held, pending inquiries. Five days were enough for him to chip through the wall of his cell with the heel of his boot. Before the guards knew they had been handling Escapist No. 1, J. K. was across the Swiss frontier.

And still trouble was waiting in ambush. Switzerland was then in the grip of a spy fever. Protesting his innocence, J. K. was arrested.

**For a fortnight he couldn't find a way out of his third-floor cell in the Neuchatel prison. Then, one morning, on exercise in a yard where the electricians had been working, he noticed an iron bar. . . .**

It went up to his cell in his sock. For seven nights he used it to bore through the wall. By day his bedding concealed the damage and he managed to dispose of the mortar from his pockets.

It was almost routine stuff, worming his way through the hole and dropping on to the roof of a dwelling-house just below. Almost routine stuff, prising up the slates, entering the attic and creeping silently down through the sleeping house into the street.

J. K. was forty miles from Neuchatel before, while attempting to slip through a frontier pass over the mountains, he was arrested for the eighth time.

That was the moment of his deepest despair. The moment when he broke down and sobbed out his story to the cross-questioning Customs official.

The Swiss let him go.

## Stowed Away

**Into Unoccupied France went J. K. with the fare to Marseilles in his pocket. On the very night he arrived, a ship, on the point of sailing, was lying out in the channel.**

J. K. swam to it, stowed away in the hold.

For four days, tortured by hunger, sickness, thirst, he endured a nightmare journey.

Then he found himself at a port in Tunisia!

J. K. stayed in hiding. The ship reloaded and the cargo was bananas. Perhaps they were intended for Hitler. J. K. ate his fill as they swished down to him.

Back in Marseilles, he dreamed of the Pyrenees—and found all the secret routes snowed up till the Spring.

Once again he had to play Patience—now toiling in a work camp for demobilised Poles, now doing odd jobs as a gardener. . . .

Then the rains came, and J. K. headed south-west. Once in Spain he had to wait again for a visa.

"The rest did me good," J. K. says, grinning. But then his eyes smoulder. And there are still ghosts in those eyes, ghosts of the Poles who didn't escape. . . . And that is why, given his pick of jobs, J. K. has deliberately chosen to train men to fight against Hitler.

# MOTHER WHO IGNORED REAL TALENT

By HUMANIST

A TREE standing alone in the middle of a park grows a beautiful shape — the shape that Nature intended. But a gardener can force a tree into fantastic shapes, flattening it out against a south wall or carving it into the likeness of a cockerel or a peacock.

True education should enable a boy to develop his natural abilities, but a forced education may do something "queer" to him. A letter from a reader reminds me of this difference.

**"My mother was very strict," he *writes*. "She wished to train her son to become a great man and consequently guided all my activities.**

**"She would not let me waste my time in drawing—a subject for which I had a real talent.**

**"She prevented me from playing the piano by ear, and she insisted on my reading Shakespeare and Dickens, and not 'that dreadful tripe' which most boys love.**

**"The effect of this training was that I grew to detest music lessons and good books, and now, at the age of 26, my enjoyment of these things is just starting to develop again.**

**"My problem is this: We have two children and I don't want them to be led the wrong way.**

**"I want them to be interested in music, art, literature, and to love learning both in school and out of it. I am sure my mother's methods were wrong."**

The man's own experience proves that one can achieve nothing good by forcing. The more freedom the children can have, the better for them.

If the boy has a genuine appreciation for music or reading, the father's obvious duty is to provide the right environment: the music or the books should be there within reach.

It is quite likely that he will want a career very different from what his father would choose for him, but the father should not be upset about that.

One of my school friends was very bad at arithmetic and hated the subject, yet his parents forced him into a bank. He was a dismal failure, unspeakably miserable, and wasted some of the best years of his life.

HERE'S another problem.

**"I am a married man of 41," *says a reader*, "and not long ago I was appointed to a well-paid, responsible post, which involves a good deal of public speaking. It requires plenty of self-confidence, and this is where I fall down.**

**"Always of a shy, nervous and somewhat excitable temperament, with a decided inferiority complex, I am in mental agony whenever I am called upon to speak. During the 18 months in the post I have not shown the slightest improvement.**

**"I have read book after book about self-confidence without avail, and I am convinced that if there is a cure it is not to be found in books.**

**"The problem is made worse by my superiors, who keep telling me that my whole future depends upon my getting over the failing.**

**"Do you think a psychologist could help—by hypnotism or anything else? I look to you for advice."**

I can't help feeling that the man is in the wrong sort of job.



★ If you are in doul
Humanist, at 93,
London, W.C.2. Yo
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★ If you are in doubt write to Humanist, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

At least half the reward of any work is the happiness it brings. I had rather have a £300 a year job and enjoy every minute of it than a £800 a year job that made me desperately unhappy.

Still, many people have been helped by books on self-confidence. Perhaps the writer of the letter did not carry out the advice contained in them? Perhaps, unconsciously, he did not wish to do so!

It is consoling to know that some of the most successful speakers suffer from nerves, and they often do best when they are most nervous beforehand.

Psychologists can help a man to discover the root of the trouble, but it takes time and costs a good deal of money. There is some strong inhibition which is preventing the reader from succeeding, but what it is cannot be deduced without knowing his whole history.

*Children are like trees*

Postscript might well describe this letter.

"When I married my husband," *the writer explains,* "he had no ambition whatever and would have been content to remain in the same old rut for life. I just could not stand the poverty and brought my influence to bear to make him improve his position.

"It took a long time and much patience, but in the end I succeeded.

"Now he has retired and is thankful to be free. He tells me that he has loathed the work for over 30 years. I think he is most ungrateful.

"But I am worried: together we have made money and done well, but at the expense of my husband's happiness."

Apparently one of the pair had to be sacrificed to the other, and it is clear who made it.

This is the sort of letter where one reads so much between the lines. The choice was between social prosperity and contentment. In either case the price had to be paid in full.

Was she a selfish woman? Or wasn't she?

*SELDOM do we hear of the gallant work of the Royal Marines, so this week we give pride of place to a story of Action which dates back to Tobruk, but is still worth the telling.*

*L./Cpl. F. G. Brock, Royal Marines, serving with the M.E.F., writes to his wife at Tichbourne Street, Mumbles, Swansea:*

You may not have heard the news at the time, but the Royal Marines did a Commando raid on Tobruk, and I was there.

We went on the destroyers *Sikh* and *Zulu*, and I was on the latter. We were off the coast at 3 a.m. and were able to watch the R.A.F. bombing the town as a preliminary to our part of the show.

The plan was for us to go ashore in lighters, in two batches. The first lot set off from the *Sikh*, but we in the second batch had to wait for the lighters to come back.

There was some delay, so we went in search of them, and things began to happen.

We were about a thousand yards from the shore when a German searchlight beam swept through the darkness and caught us in its glare. A few seconds later the shore batteries opened fire on us.

Now, it seemed that hell was let loose. Shells were whistling all round us, while star-shells lit up everything as clear as daylight, and we suffered four hits. But our guns continued to fire with everything they had.

Meanwhile the *Sikh* sent a signal that she was disabled, so we went to take her in tow, laying a smokescreen as we went.

We had her safely in tow, when a thousand-to-one chance came off—a German shell hit and smashed the tow-line!

. . . It was daylight now as we set out to open sea, firing our guns until we were out of range. But we were not out of trouble! Soon afterwards we had our first Stuka attack, which was followed by many more at intervals.

Surprising how many bombs missed us. You could see them leaving the swooping 'planes and plopping into the sea. I was up on the gun-deck firing my Bren gun from the shoulder, and between us we managed to bring a few down and cripple many more of them.

Things went on like that until the afternoon, when we caught a bomb amidships. The blast lifted me clean off the deck and threw me against a locker, injuring my arm.

. . . Soon afterwards we were picked up by a destroyer, and later I found a warm spot and went to sleep, as did most of the survivors.

It was dawn when we docked at Alexandria. Jerry had given us a fair amount of trouble and done us some damage, but we had paid him back three times over. We can give it!

## IN BAGHDAD

*Men serving with the Persia-Iraq Forces manage to enjoy a spot of leave from desert duties by going places and seeing things. Sapper Eric Bloch, R.E., writes to his parents at Esmond Road, Bedford Park, London, W.4:*

Baghdad is a pleasant change for us, but prices are pretty expensive. Luckily, we had something to use for money.

I went to see an "English" film, but could not understand a word of it, as the words had been translated into Arabic, which did not add to our enjoyment of the film. So we found other attractions.

. . . As I write, the sun is shining, and it is wonderfully peaceful. At intervals there are camel and donkey caravans which pass to the sound of tinkling bells hanging from the necks of the animals.

On the way here we passed Bedouin camps, and the natives are pleased to see us, but we have to watch our kit carefully, especially our arms. There have been attempts to "borrow" some of our stuff, so we take no risks.

# VOICE OF THE TROOPS

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

## SHEIK'S GUESTS

*It is characteristic of the British "Tommy" that he makes friends wherever he goes, and here is Cpl. B. Cowlislaw, R.A.F., serving with the Persia and Iraq Forces and making new friends in unexpected places. He writes to his wife at Fretson Road, Sheffield:*

On arrival at the camp I got out my mouth-organ, lent another chap my tin whistle, with the result that we soon had a gang of Arab kiddies singing and dancing outside the billet.

One of the kiddies happened to be the son of a Sheik, who turned up later, asked if he could bring his brothers along to see us that evening. We said, "Yes"—and, sure enough, three Sheiks turned up, complete with bodyguards. They stayed to supper.

We cooked pancakes, fried eggs and bread, which our guests ate with relish.

. . . Later we were invited to the palace. A big open touring car came to collect us, and we were whisked off in great style.

Inside the palace we were introduced to the "Big Chief," whose second name must have been "Hospitality." There followed a meal which shook us all by the size of it, but we won through.

Picture us sitting down to low tables, crossed-legged and eager. (By the way, in the best circles here you only use your right hand to eat with, as you sit on the left one. (To stop cheating, I suppose.)

It was a royal feast, and afterwards I acted as spokesman for our party in a hearty vote of thanks. I have to admit that it took us a little time to recover from this meal.

Next day I got a surprise gift from the Sheik. It was an Askari warrior's knife and scabbard, ornamented with silver and gold. It will be just right to hang over our fireplace when I get home.

## SANDSTORM HAVOC

*Also serving with the Persia and Iraq Forces is L./Sgt. R. Jackson, Royal Signals, who writes home about the weather and other things to his parents at Alder Avenue, Widnes, Lancs:*

*Many of our lads write home to say how delighted they are to receive copies of "John Bull." Mrs. Green, of Solihull Road, Sparkhill, Birmingham, sent this snap of her husband, L/A.C. N. Green, taken in the Middle East*

After a spell of perfect weather, a sandstorm caught us unawares. Our beds were covered with dust to a depth of three inches.

It is almost impossible to stand up in the wind, and you are almost blinded in the first minute.

This was a storm! Away went the complete Signal Office. A wireless set was blown off a table, as if it was no heavier than a piece of paper. Aerials, tents, tables and petrol-tins were "gone with the wind" within five minutes.

The place was in an uproar, the poles of our tents snapped like matchsticks, and we could do nothing except sit in covered trucks for four hours until things quietened down.

Then followed two days spent in repairing wireless sets, telephone lines, re-erecting tents and collecting our various properties which had been blown far and wide. It was queer to see petrol-tins go hurtling through the air at a terrific speed.

The moral of all this is: don't complain about the weather at home. My best wishes to members of the band, and tell them I hope to be with them again soon.

## WE KNOW

*WE know in our hearts when we're right, and we know in our hearts when we're wrong. We know when we're weak and let things slide, and we know when we're firm and strong. We know when we've let a chance pass and then outwardly called it bad luck when somebody took the risk and won while we couldn't muster the pluck.*

*WE know when we haul down our faith and begin to doubt Life and despair, we know in our hearts the countless fears that dwell unacknowledged there. We know what we really are in spite of the way that we act, we know the whole Truth about ourselves, for we are its Living Fact.*

*WE know in our hearts when we're mean, and we know when we've done the fine thing. We know what no one else can know, and that's our motive for everything. We know when temptation has proved to be greater than our will. We know, for our conscience writes it down.*

*WE know when we leave undone those things which we ought to do, we know when we fail in our duty to see a thing bravely through.*

J. M.

## READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

MR. BEVIN should look into this! Six girls in a London factory are working six days a week sewing fringes to cushions which are sold retail at 35s. each. I thought our need was for guns and shells, not cushions!—B. Heath, Windermere Road, Streatham, S.W.16.

★ ★ ★

Thick, expensive and high-grade paper used for Government books like "Coastal Command" do nothing to remind us of the need for economy and austerity. Or doesn't that rule apply to Government publications?—D. Norman, Barnet.

★ ★ ★

Forces men home on leave for ten days get Service ration cards for seven days only. We don't begrudge them a thing, but the rest of their food has to come from the household's rations. The trouble is that Service ration cards are made out for seven or fourteen days only. This should be put right.—"H. L.," Staffordshire.

★ ★ ★

Six A.T.S. girls having finished their training were posted to a camp over a hundred miles away. On arrival at their destination they found that the camp had been closed three weeks ago! Was their journey really necessary?—"W. W.," Glasgow, E.2.

★ ★ ★

In an East London factory girls are employed making Christmas crackers and carnival paper hats and streamers! Does Mr. Bevin know about these things?—"Disgusted Worker," London, E.

★ ★ ★

Our firm encourages night workers by providing dinners (three-course) for threepence, and breakfast for twopence, with free tea. Other firms please copy!—"Night Shift," Renfrewshire.

# HE'S A CARELESS LISTENER!

**CARELESS LISTENING COSTS VALVES**

You can't possibly appreciate your radio if you're reading a book. We have all been asked by the Government to save electricity, so if you are not really *listening* to a programme . . . SWITCH OFF!

Valves, too, are scarce, and even the best wear out ultimately. You may then find it very difficult to replace them. So don't be a careless listener . . . give your valves a rest when you can.

There are many thousands of fortunate owners of Mullard Sets and Valves who have proved the lasting value of their choice; they have enjoyed countless hours of trouble-free, true-tone listening. That is why, when Victory is won and supplies are once more available, they will still choose . . . MULLARD.

**MULLARD**

*RADIO VALVES AND SETS*

THE MULLARD WIRELESS SERVICE CO. LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVE., W.C.2 (39)

"A 100.. & just as I'd have wished to make them." says:

John White

IF the Government had given me a free hand I couldn't have made my Utility Footwear to a better specification, and I am pleased to market these Boots and Shoes under my famous *Impregnable* and *Temeraire* Brands. A 100 is the official Utility Mark allotted to me and it aptly describes this footwear. A 1 quality and 100 per cent. value. Look out for them in your district.

*Impregnable* "Men's Goodyear Welted Shoes in Black & Tan Leather Soles."

*Impregnable*
UTILITY FOOTWEAR

JOHN WHITE (*Impregnable* Boots) LTD.
HIGHAM FERRERS, NORTHANTS



THE GOVERNMENT SAY—

# WALK

'and SAVE TRANSPORT'

**BUT TO KEEP YOUR SHOES FIT FOR WALKING USE**

PLEASE USE SPARINGLY—SUPPLIES ARE RESTRICTED.


# LAST LAUGH

VERA F. (Burnley).—"Is there a single thing the grab-alls are willing to let us have without trying to get it from us?" Yes, a cold.

V. V. (Newark).—"Love at first sight is not enough." No, what is needed is second sight.

INVALID (Sevenoaks).—"I no longer have faith in drug tablets." You feel that they lead too quickly to stone tablets?

M. N. (Bolton).—"I haven't seen my husband since he deserted me, so I don't know where he is keeping himself." Perhaps he isn't.

MODERN MISS (Newark).—"What could I say to a rude fellow who said I was no oil painting?" You could surely have said you use the best paint obtainable?

E. T. (Hamilton).—"During a fire in the house, our piano, gramophone and wireless set were completely destroyed." Sounds like the work of a neighbour.

N. C. (Glasgow).—"A man should always remember that the early bird gets the worm." That's all very well, but it is not everyone who likes worms.

F. W. (Motherwell).—"My wife tried a jumper she was knitting on me, but it wouldn't go over my shoulders." Most women, of course, have a weakness for trying to pull the wool over their husband's eyes.

C. V. (Bury).—"I take it you would call the most beautiful woman a work of art?" Or an artist.

SALLY (Widnes).—"What civilisation has done for man is done." It's done for him?

G. J. (Leeds).—"An experiment has been made with a mobile post office." It is an extraordinary experience for a stamp purchaser when, instead of being told to go further down the counter, the van is accelerated and further down the counter comes along to him.

BOBBY (East Ham).—"Father is 6 ft. 4 in. and mother sometimes calls him an insect! What do you think of that?" Well, after all, he *is* a daddylonglegs.

DOCTOR (London, S.).—"It is unwise to lick a stamp." You could avoid this by assuming your gravest professional manner and demanding to see the post office girl's tongue. Then swiftly moisten the stamp.

**OLD BILL WITH THE AMERICANS**
*"H'm, mice again, eh?"*

## Side-Slips

THE EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"... and has strong flippers and a TALE like a whale."

STIRLING SENTINEL:—"The last ex-Premier to be in the House of Commons at the age of EIGHT WAS . . ."

BELFAST TELEGRAPH:—"He left owing rent and there was no FUTURE in the room. . . ."

THE EVENING NEWS:—"Baths for war workers are PLANED by Feltham (Middlesex) Council."

WEEKLY NEWS:—. . . "fill your lungs to bursting-point with HAIR and bellow, 'Sir!'"

EVENING GAZETTE:—". . . and it is useful if some leafmould or HOPE manure is worked in."

## GREATEST OF THESE

● For the past twelve months Harry Hallam has been suffering from chronic bronchitis, and is now attending hospital for tuberculosis. He was discharged from the Army on medical grounds after six months' active service in France.

Throughout the last war, too, this man willingly served his country. He was twice wounded, gassed, and finally taken prisoner of war. He has no pension.

His wife has been the main support of the home, earning 36s. weekly, but has been compelled to give up work due to illness.

Their daughter, now eighteen, has only been well enough to work for six months since leaving school. There are two sons, thirteen and nine years.

This family is passing through a critical time, as they are in arrears with their rent; owe £1 14s. to their doctor; and they all need warm clothes, bedding, and boots.

So badly handicapped by illness, it is impossible for them to keep out of debt on their small State grant.

The rector of the parish assures us that help for this family will be well placed.

Will kind-hearted readers who can help please send donations earmarked "Critical," or for our General Fund, to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

**1st PRIZE £100—'BULLETS' 1,367**
**H. Taylor, 28, Edna Ave., Liverpool, for this "Bullet":—**

THANKS TO WINSTON FOR "SIGN OF VICTORY"!

£50: S. A. Cannam, Cottingham, Mkt. Harborough.
Hit Them Hard And—Soften Resistance—Resist "Softness"!

£10: J. Mair, 142, Renfrew Street, Glasgow.
Profit (!) Business—Mustn't Make Our "Religion."

£5: Cpl. F. A. Brackstone, Somewhere-in-Britain.
More Than Likely—"Five Years" *Before* "Verdict."

£4: J. W. Marsden, 8/8, Woodside Lane, Pitsmoor, Sheffield.
Right Hand Be Run, So—Every Convoy "Takes Plenty."

£3: G. H. Martin, 38, Lyan Road, Kings Lynn.
Whittlesey—Remembering "Broads," Patrolling "Narrows."

£2: Mrs. A. Bamber, Netherside, Morton Lane, Bingley.
Thanks To Winston—Being "Fighter," Air "Cleaner."

## TWO £100 FIRSTS NEXT PAGE

22s.: L. S. Taylor, 5, Egremont Road, West Norwood, S.E.27.
In Action—Seeing "Shoots Down" *Other!*

20s.: P. H. Link, 19, Palmerfield Road, Bearsted.
Wistfully—"Is *Peace* Exciting, Daddy?"

14s.: Pte. P. Powell, Somewhere-in-Britain.
At The Labour Exchange—"Signing" For *Nation's* "Benefit."

22s.: Mrs. A. Dunn, 19, Leach's Lane, Pentre, Queensferry, Chester.
Dad Loves Gardening! But—Grows Little—Grows, Big!

10s.: R. N. Walker, Park Head, Milton, Cumberland.
Harvest Of The Sea—Not By Landlady's Pinkeaks!

A list of 25 Winners of Cakes can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

## 4 BIG CHEQUES

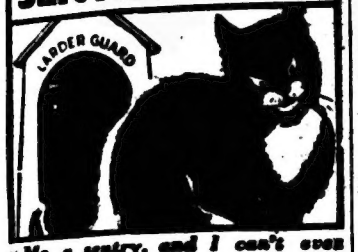
WON IN XWORD 319

WINNING WORDS: 1. South or Youth. 2. Sock. 3. Foot. 4. Scaling. 5. Jest. 6. Rash. 7. Trill. 8. Stick. 9. Grate. 10. Tag. 11. Board. 12. Skill. 13. Grind. 14. Rocks.

£200 SHARERS: F. Bond, 30, Partridge Road, Yardley, Birmingham; Pte. G. E. Johnson, Somewhere-in-Britain; Pte. Trollope, Somewhere-in-Britain; R. J. Wood, 18, Cypress Avenue, Johnstone, Renfrews.

Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 3 entrants.

## TIM ON SENTRY DUTY




"Me a sentry, and I can't even remember the password."

"Halt! it's 'TIBS'! This will soon put me to rights."

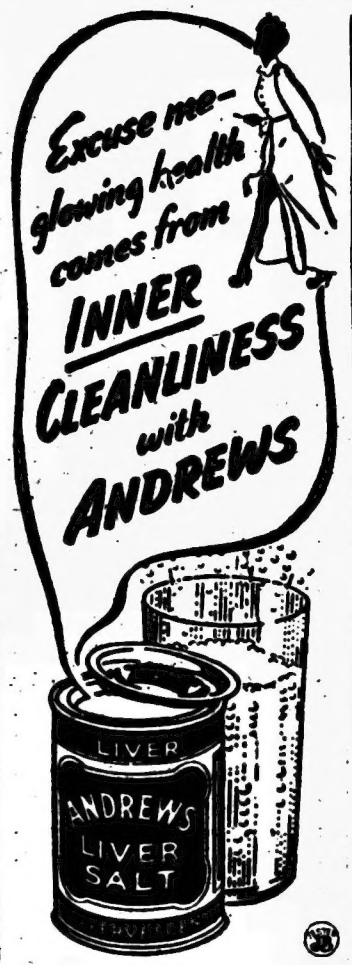
"Pass, friend, And don't forget the password—'CAT'S PYJAMAS'!"

**TIBS** TIBS are tasteless in the cats' food or drink. From all chemists and corn merchants, 7d. for 8, or 1/1½ for 21.

100 PURRS IN EVERY PACKET

*A product of Bob Martin Ltd., Southport*






*For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your Andrews*

8 ozs. 1/10½, including purchase tax.

(28)



## One dose of Phosferine does make a difference

**says Miss I. E.**

"When tidying the medicine shelf I found a half-empty bottle of Phosferine Tablets. Having been below par for some time I decided to use them. I took two after breakfast — towards dinner time I realised I was much less tired than usual and wondered why. Like a flash came the thought, Phosferine!...Now I know that one dose of Phosferine does make a difference. The improvement was sustained. I sleep better, and am now right on top of my work."

*(Sgd.)* Miss I. E.

Ask your chemist to-day for this really great tonic! One dose will buck you up.

**1/4** (No. 1 size) & **3/3** (No. 2 size)

*(Including Purchase Tax)*

*2 Tablets equal 10 drops*

**PHOSFERINE**

*THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS*



# TWO 3-figure FIRSTS THIS WEEK!

**£100** FIRST PRIZE — RUNNERS-UP SAME AMOUNT WHAT **£25** — **50** 4lb. FRUIT CAKES one with each prize val £1 or over

Xword No. 319 Result Page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot

| CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column. | 5p Entry-fee for 1 Col. | | | | 3p | 3p | 3p |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 RAILWAYMAN SHOULDN'T TAKE RISKS WHEN DOING | | S | | UNT | | | |
| 2 WHEN PUSH IS TOUCH, IT WILL PROBABLY LOSE WEIGHT | | | | RIED | | | |
| 3 ARE PRETTY USEFUL IN A SCRAP | T | U | | KS | | | |
| 4 OFTEN STOPS A GALLOP | | R | | IN | | | |
| 5 DARING ACT OFTEN CREATES ONE | S | T | | R | | | |
| 6 DESERVES PUNISHMENT SOME SCOUNDRELS DESERVE | | | | RUEL | | | |
| 7 BROWN ONES ARE QUITE COMMON | | S | | UFFS | | | |
| 8 CAN HURT A MAN'S FEELINGS WHEN SARCASTIC | | | | RONY | | | |
| 9 ARE EASILY PUT OUT | | T | | PERS | | | |
| 10 THIS IS UNDOUBTEDLY SOFT | S | O | | A | | | |
| 11 CAN DO SOME THINGS WHICH CLEVER MEN CAN'T DO | | | | UNCE | | | |
| 12 IN DARK WOOD, IMAGINATIVE CHILD MAY WELL FEAR BEING SEIZED BY | D | R | | AD | | | |
| 13 THIS COMMONLY CAUSES A SUDDLING OVER | | | | ROTH | | | |
| 14 UNEXPECTED BLOW MAY MAKE YOU | | S | | ART | | | |

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated May 1.

P.O. Value ..... **CLOSING POSTMARK**

No. ..... **MONDAY, APRIL 19.**

Signed .....

Address ..... 323

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

**8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6**

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

**RULES** 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated May 8, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.



# DOUBLED Bullets First — *and* 500 EXTRA PRIZES!

**£250** — **£100** FOR 3, 2 or 1 WORDS — OTHER AWARDS **£20 · £10 · £5** — 25 BIG 4lb. FRUIT CAKES

4 3 2 1 1 1 1 EXTRA BULLET AWARDS

**USE any of these "EXAMPLES"**

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Joy Wire Day—Friday, April 30.

FUTURE OF THE WORLD
RUTHLESS ENEMY
TO CLEAR THE WAY
OUT OF THE WAR
EVIL THINGS
AS THINGS ARE
CAUSE OF THE BLOODSHED
OUR MISTAKE
CARE OF THE YOUNG
TELLS A STORY
RULES AND REGULATIONS

BULLETS 1,367 RESULT appears on page 14.

OMINOUS SILENCE
LIFE WOULD BE DULL IF
IRON DISCIPLINE
ANYONE CAN SEE THAT
STRANGE AND TERRIBLE
A BIT TOO MUCH
SOMETHING TO DREAM ABOUT
FATHER'S CIGAR
LEAVES A NASTY TASTE

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullets" as usual.

WAR AGAINST.....
DOWN WITH..... AND
FAR FROM THE.....
IN THE HANDS OF.....
TIME TO.....
WHAT..... WILL BE

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

**2 FREE BULLETS** allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated May 1.

P.O. Value.....
No. ..... Closing 1,371 Postmark Monday, April 19.

Signed .....
Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

**ADDRESS ENTRY** "Bullets" No. 1,371—or Xword No. 323, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).



## H. SAMUEL

THE EMPIRE'S LARGEST JEWELLERS

When Victory is won H. Samuel shops will again be the Nation's headquarters for good watches and fine jewellery. Until then we're going all out on war work. Guns come before gifts! But at any P.O. you'll find the patriotic present that is sure to please—WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES or STAMPS. Buy them for all you're worth and help to win the war!

ENQUIRIES TO MERVYN ST., MANCHESTER



## The HOMEGUARD AGAINST

CUTS, BURNS, SEPTIC WOUNDS, BOILS, IMPETIGO, ECZEMA, ABSCESSES, even BAD LEGS.

LION OINTMENT famous for 94 years for quick, safe healing. Brings inflammation OUT, prevents it spreading: forms healthy skin in a few days. Treat minor wounds immediately before they become septic. Chemists, 1/3, 3/- per box (Inc. Purchase Tax).

BURGESS' LION OINTMENT



## WINTER'S BLACKOUT GONE-

# *Step out into Spring!*

Spring!, How you've longed for it after the long Winter blackout. But to enjoy Spring to the full you must rid your system of Winter Acids. Stuffy rooms; lack of exercise, fresh air and sunshine; all cause your system to be far too acid. You feel off colour and listless. There is one sure way to rid your system of these Winter acids. Take a few doses of 'Milk of Magnesia.' It will cleanse your blood, banish sluggishness and add a new zest to life. Obtainable everywhere.

**'MILK OF MAGNESIA'** (Regd.)

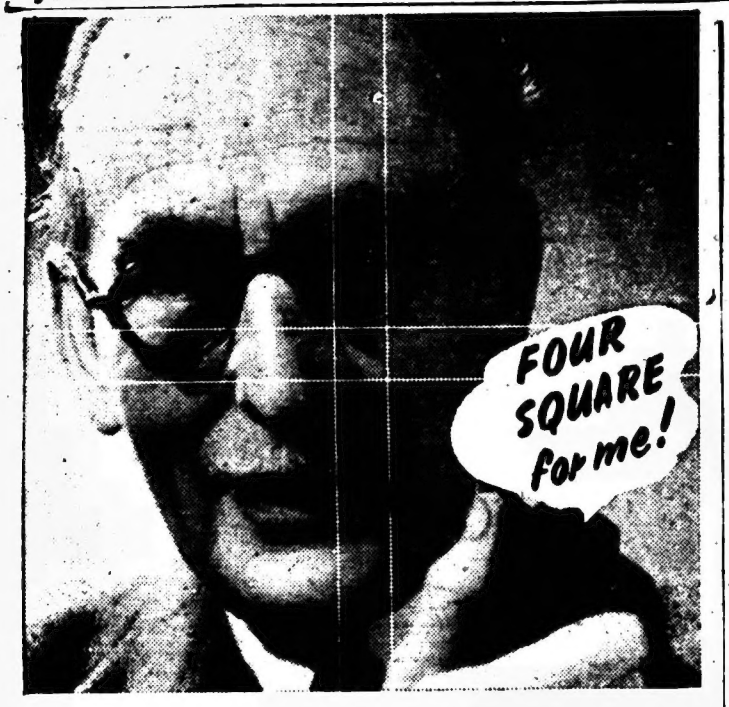
*'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*



## CAPEXSIS EXTRA SOFT

Max. Controlled Price 8½d. per roll.

We ask your indulgence should your Retailer be temporarily out of stock.




Because it's just pure matured tobacco without artificial scent or flavouring. Six different blends, all medium strength. You'll find your favourite among them.

# FOUR SQUARE

GEORGE DOBIE & SON, LTD., PAISLEY, SCOTLAND

## Healthy dogs make good companions

After a stop-at-home life all winter, your dog needs conditioning as a protection from the blood disorders caused by lack of exercise. A daily Bob Martin's — in powder *or* tablet form—will make your dog a healthy, happy companion.
In packets of 9 for 7d., 21 for 1/1½.

Bob Martin's Condition Powders or Tablets

## Relief and Healing

From the pain and torment of septic skin complaints Dettol Ointment brings relief and healing. It calms the irritation, it relieves the inflammation, and sinks deeply into the tissues to destroy those germs which by their poisons make healing both difficult and slow.

In the treatment of obstinate skin affections Dettol Ointment marks a new departure. It contains in active form the germicidal principle of 'Dettol,' the modern antiseptic which has won the confidence and trust of doctors and surgeons throughout the country.

Here then is an ointment which fights for you. An ointment which not only calms and relieves the irritation but which fights to destroy the germs of septic infection and so gives vital help to the body cells in their natural effort to grow clean new healthy skin.

*From all Chemists, 1/5 includes tax*

# DETTOL OINTMENT

BRAND

HEALING AND ACTIVELY ANTISEPTIC

# HERCULES CYCLES

are being used by the Army, the Royal Air Force and war-workers in every sphere!

The famous Black Watch Regiment on parade with their Hercules Bicycles.

The Hercules Cycle and Motor Co., Ltd., Aston, Birmingham

84R

*"Home lesson..."* A splendid wash with Wright's before and after lessons is a habit that's helped to keep generations of children fresh and fit. That lovely-smelling 'coal tar' lather keeps the skin healthy, cleanses cuts and grazes, drives away germs. Many schools use nothing but Wright's.

# WRIGHT'S

*Coal Tar Soap*

7½d. per tablet — Inc. tax — 1 coupon.

★

# TO SMASH a COLD or 'FLU in one night

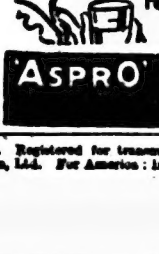
MILLIONS COULD TELL YOU HOW. 'ASPRO' with a hot drink—a good night's sleep—and you'll be back on the job in the morning. All signs of a cold or 'flu attack will have vanished overnight. 'ASPRO' action is quick, safe and certain. You feel almost immediate relief—the groggy, feverish sensations or heaviness and headache go in a few minutes. You will be saved trouble, lying up and possible complications, and the nation benefits by your full efficiency at a time when your productive effort is most vital. Thousands have written to tell us of their own living experiences. They have proved that colds or 'flu just cannot go on when they take prompt action with 'ASPRO' so

*Millions have tried & PROVED 'ASPRO'*

*why not avail yourself of* **'ASPRO'** *service?*

## 'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsillitis, and act as a deterrent.



## 'FLU STOPPED BY 'ASPRO'

E. H. ALGAR, of 40 Nansen Street, Battersea, S.W. 11, writes:—"I feel I must write and tell you how much I appreciate 'ASPROS'. I was always suffering with colds, one after the other, until I tried 'ASPROS'. Since then I very seldom have a cold. Two 'ASPROS' and a glass of hot milk on retiring, have often stopped an attack of 'flu in my family. Personally I am never without a packet. will always recommend them to my friends."

## Landlady Helped—'FLU SMASHED

A. G. RICH, of 4 Eden Villas, Adams Park Road, Fareham, Surrey, writes:—"I have always kept 'ASPRO' by me as I have suffered with headaches now and again since the war, but last week I had the 'flu and I took two 'ASPRO' tablets on retiring for the night and I found in the morning that I had lost all trace of the 'flu. Also my landlady did not believe in them but as she suffers with headaches I gave her two 'ASPRO' tablets and she has not had a headache since."

Made in England by ASPRO LTD., Slough, Bucks.

'ASPRO' PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL

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